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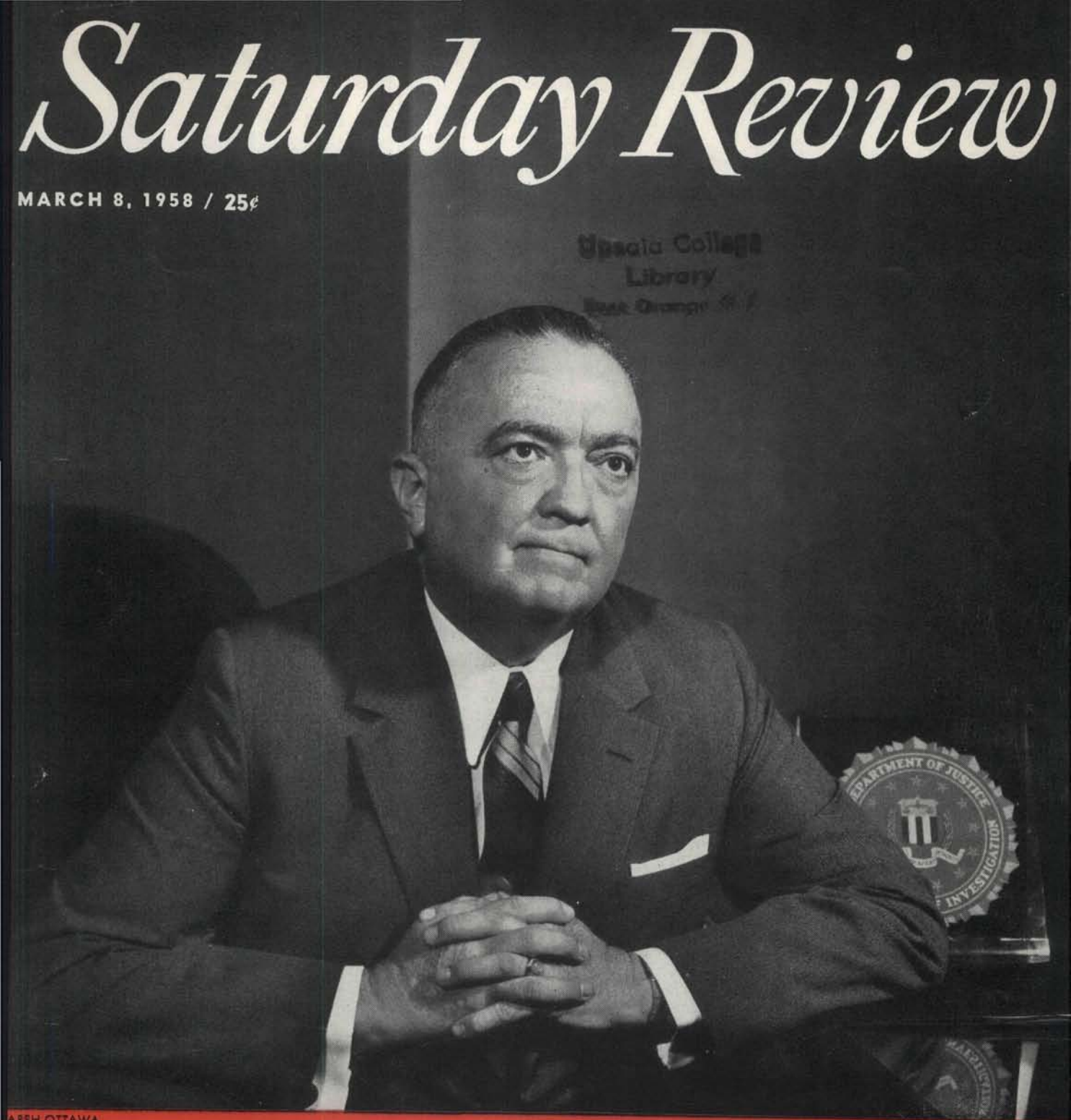

ARSH OTTAWA

J. Edgar Hoover, author of "Masters of Deceit." (See page 14)

THE BIRTH OF A CLASSIC

John Ciardi Reviews Archibald MacLeish's New Poetic-Drama, "J.B."

LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER

By F. K. Stamm *in SR's Religious Book*

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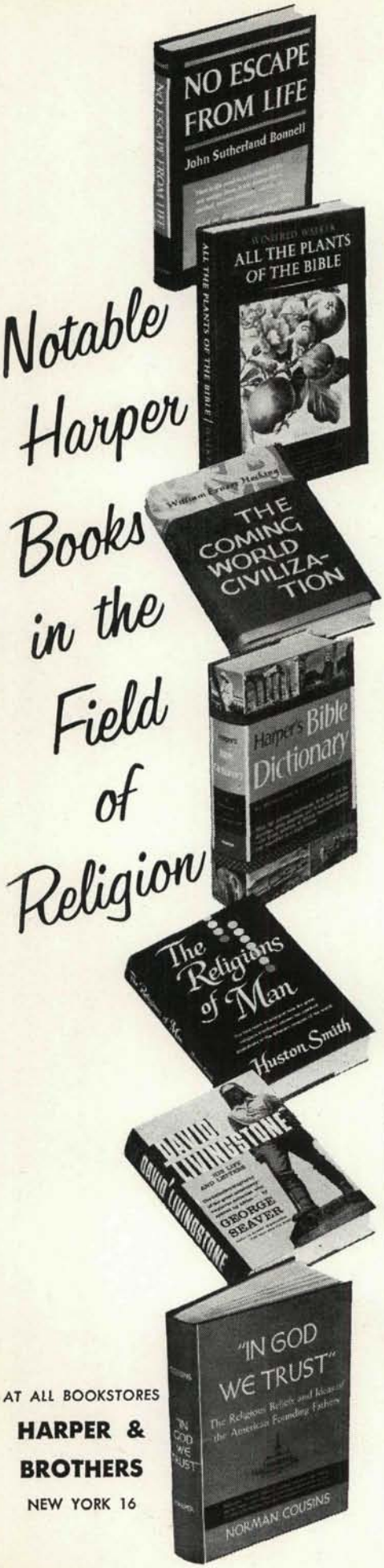

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(Advertisement)

Dear Berry:

I am very grateful to you for insisting that I read "The Silk-Cotton Tree," and yet I am also, in a way, a little depressed.

It's such a fine book and yet it's a book in which it's going to be hard to arouse interest. There have been so many good books out of Africa that people, hearing about another, will be apt to shrug their shoulders.

Of course, the fact that it's set in Liberia, which is fairly fresh territory for novelists, plus the fact that Esther Warner is an American, will help. And it's true that anyone who cares at all for honest writing about genuine human beings will be as enthusiastic as we are.

As you know, there's been much interest here. Lee has been excited about it for some time, but he's the editor, and we had to expect that. But Stella has read it, and so has Bill, and each had the experience of starting it almost by chance and each reported reading it in one uninterrupted sitting.

But how can we sell it to others? Is it the humor that should be stressed, or the humanity, or the unusual setting, or the fact that it is about Negroes and whites working together as people and not races, or should we emphasize that it is a completely moving, completely readable tragic tale?

I'll admit I'm baffled, and I would appreciate any suggestions you have. In the meantime, I am very much in your debt for calling this fine book to my attention.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Silk-Cotton Tree" ($3.75), by Esther Warner, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in Philadelphia's Suburban Station.

The Saturday Review

MARCH 8, 1958

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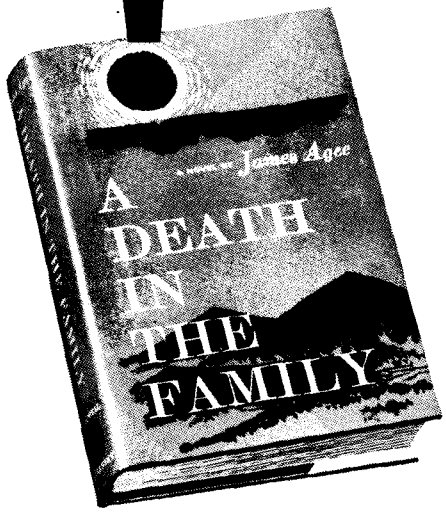

Now in its 4th big printing, *A Death in the Family* was praised before publication by Clifton Fadiman and Dorothy Parker. Two portions of the book appeared in *The New Yorker,* and two brief sections were eloquently dramatized on television.

Now, a nationwide bestseller, it is one of eight novels, published during 1957, nominated for the National Book Award.

From the enthusiastic reviews it has received, here are a few quotations:

"A novel of very great beauty. Indeed, I believe it is unmatched in quality by any novel published during the year—quite possibly during many years."
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"The theme is the confrontation of love, which I take to be life carried to its highest possible reach, and death, as the negation of life and yet a necessary part of it. Only a major writer could rise to such a theme. I think that Agee did."
—DWIGHT MACDONALD, *The New Yorker*

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—CHARLES ROLO, *The Atlantic*

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—ALFRED KAZIN, *N. Y. Times*

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TRADE Winds

IT'S HIGH TIME someone wrote a book about the books that have been written about the Civil War. Failing that, the least we can do is to put out a book about the flags displayed on the jackets of the books about the Confederacy. Seems they are all wrong.

You know those little flags that you see on radiator caps and at football games down South? That's the Con-

federate Battle Flag, sometimes called "The Southern Cross," *never* the "Stars and Bars." It's square. But the national banners of the Confederacy had dimensions in a ratio of three to two, like the flags of any country. The "Stars and Bars," in fact, looked so much like the U. S. flag that by 1863 the Confederate States had abandoned it for another.

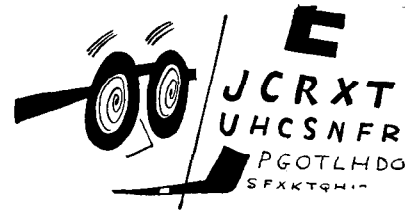
Now, as for those book jackets, they are always getting the square battleflag and the oblong national flags mixed up. I'm no expert on all this, but Richard B. Harwell, a true Southerner and Civil War scholar who has edited or written dozens of books on the South, has given me the guide lines.

"When I reviewed 'First Blood' for the *Chicago Tribune,*" he confided in me, "I was annoyed that such a careful text should have had provided for it a jacket with wrong flags—a U. S. flag with thirty-six stars instead of thirty-four and a C. S. flag that was unknown during the period the book is written about. Fortunately, I do not believe in mentioning such trivia (particularly extra-author trivia) in a review, because the *Trib* artist who illustrated my review used the same wrong Confederate States flag in his illustration. This had happened to me before. On my own book, 'The Confederate Reader,' the flag is oblong, not square as it should be. That it is oblong seems to me unfortunately apparent on the jacket of Clifford Dowdey's new 'The Death of a Nation,' which is too fine a book to be messed up in any detail.

"On several recent Confederate books the shape of the flag is indeterminate. On some others its features are used merely as design. On Walter Lord's 'The Fremantle Diary' and Burke Davis's 'JEB Stuart, The Last Cavalier,' the flag is wrong. Even on the jacket of the current edition of Thomas Nelson Page's 'Two Little Confederates' it is wrong. Only on Frank Vandiver's 'Mighty Stonewall,' Davis's 'Gray Fox,' and Stanley Horne's 'As They Saw Forrest,' among those I've seen, is it right. Actually, you know, in the oblong shape the same flag did become the jack of the Confederate Navy, and on the jacket of Don Tracy's 'On the Midnight Tide' the flag is shown flying on a ship. But as an ensign, not as a jack. I wish jacket designers would bone up. They are misusing the Confederate flag as badly as it is being used by reactionary politicians and football fans."

To show how unnerved Mr. Harwell—born and brought up in Georgia—is by all this, he is editing a sequel to his latest book. It's to be called 'The Union Reader,' and the publishers say they couldn't find a Northerner for the job. To the ramparts, men, and don't shoot 'til you see the shape of their flags!

PETER USTINOV, the star and author of a very funny play on Broadway called



"Romanoff and Juliet," says that he got a report card when he was a kid in school in England, and there was a notation to this effect: "He shows great imagination, which must be curbed."

At thirty-six years of age Ustinov has reached the point where they call him England's "veteran boy prodigy." He recently told me the plot of the novel on which he is working. It's about an only child whose father keeps talking about the War of 1914 (this takes place in Germany) and who lives in a mansion where there are mud-spattered greatcoats. Mother never says a word, eating most of the time, one pea at a time. The father, knowing how much respect is paid to men who wear spectacles, unfortunately has perfect vi-

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sion. So he memorizes the optometrist's chart, pretends he is very nearsighted, and when he is fitted with atrociously thick lenses he reads the chart correctly, to the eye-doctor's complete satisfaction. From then on he wears the spectacles. He can't see a thing, but his self-confidence is enormous. He buys a pipe for the same reason.

"The book is kind of touching and repellent at the same time," says Peter.

You have heard enough to realize that here is a veteran boy prodigy whose imagination ought to have been curbed.

BY SOME STRANGE coincidence which I cannot explain, a few days after the death of H. M. Tomlinson I was thumbing through a bound volume of *The Saturday Review* and I came across something he wrote for the magazine exactly thirty years ago last month, in the issue of February 11, 1928.

Shakespeare was a simple man, he said, and this made it possible to understand "why those very clever men about Shakespeare left us such scant testimony about him."

"The poet who wrote the sonnets," Tomlinson went on, "was a smiling and good-natured man, we must suppose, who was so simple there was little to say about him. He never made epigrams, he never quarreled, and he never got excited, even when the Armada was scattered. Now and then perhaps he would drop an odd remark which made a listener stare, and wonder what he meant."

NO LAUGHING MATTER

By William L. Cerveny

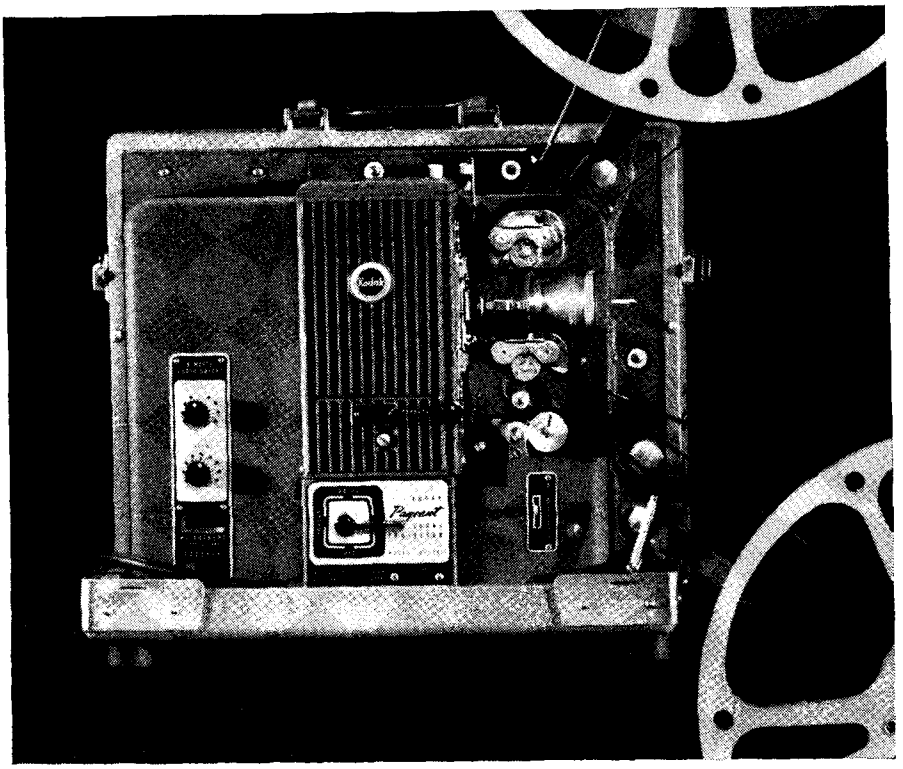
No wonder dogs bite him;
Your postman's a heel:
His appeal for more wages
Caused higher-priced steel.

A MAN WENT INTO a drugstore and asked for a small tube of shaving cream. While he was waiting for his change he looked at the carton the clerk had given him and on it was the word LARGE.

"Say," the customer said, thrusting the box toward the fellow, "I asked for a small size."

"Sir," the clerk explained, "this product comes in three sizes: LARGE, EXTRA-LARGE, and COLOSSAL. What you have there is the small size—LARGE."

ODDZIES AND ODDZIES: ► Marie Walter reports that in a Bleecker Street coffee house—where Greenwich Village students gather and write penciled



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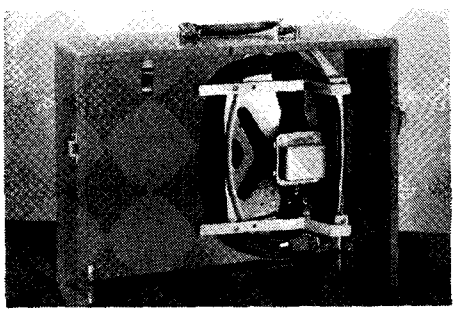

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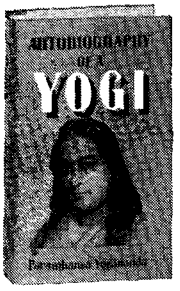

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inscriptions on the walls which seem to reveal the undercurrents of new attitudes toward books, authors, and idols—someone has written boldly above the coffee urn: "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

► Words That Intelligent People Use All the Time and Get Wrong Because They Don't Really Know the Meaning Of, No. 8: *fey.*

► Artist Sidney Lund tells me that he illustrated a scientific book entitled "Holes and Electrons in Semi-Conductors." The author, William Shockley, wanted to call it "Through Germanium on a Wave Packet," but that wasn't definitive enough.

► They say Hollywood is releasing the worst horror movie of all. It's to be called "The Creature From Out of Town."

► Political Jokes, presented in a most non-partisan way by this department:

1. Did you hear that a biography of Secretary Dulles has been written? It's to be called, "Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing."?
2. Did you hear about the "new Nixon?" He came home one night and Checkers bit him.

► Add taboo cartoon subjects: self-destruction. Example: worried husband drinking himself into a stupor at kitchen table and trying to forget everything. Wife enters, pats him on the shoulder, and says, "Your problems are my problems, dear. Wait till I get myself a glass."

► Example: exasperated wife, on the first of the month, reading the mail at the dining room table. Waves something at her husband and shouts, "You and your suicide attempts! Look at this gas bill!" —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1249)

LILA RAY:
A DAY IN EARLY WINTER
(From the *Atlantic*, August 1957)

By the opaque
silver lake
stand flowering grasses,
silken, white,
plumed with light,
slanting through the shadows
into day,
iridescent, gray. . . . .

Down-swinging
wheeling, winging
a heron hangs whitely
on a splayed flight feather
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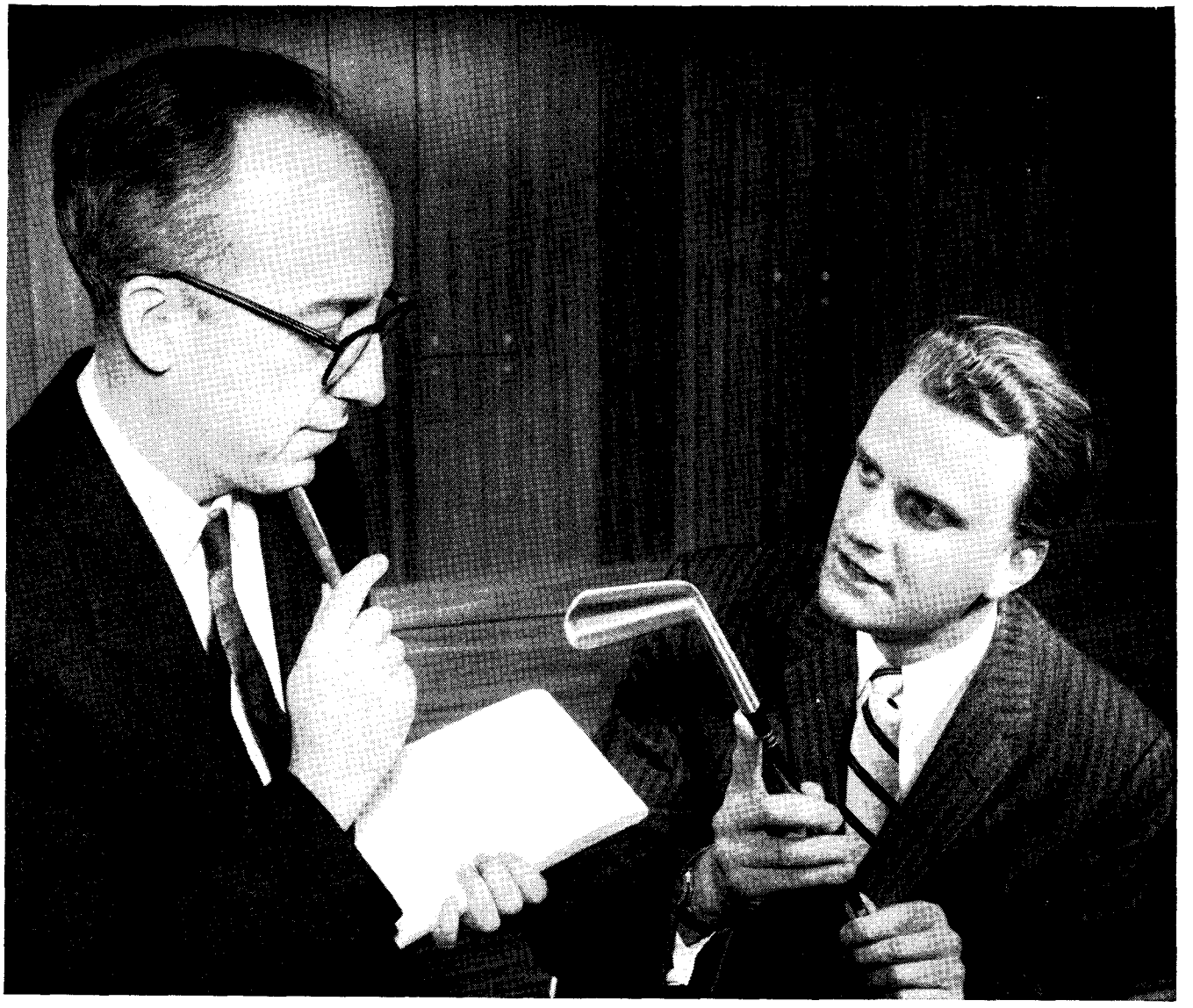

What makes a newspaper great?

When evangelist Billy Graham and Minneapolis Star reporter Bill Thorkelson get together, the talk is likely to range from a spirited analysis of the dog-leg thirteenth hole at Minikahda to a spiritual discussion of religion's role in the modern world. World-traveling Dr. Graham is an athlete of note. Religion writer Thorkelson is an ex-sports editor.

In church circles, Bill Thorkelson is one of the best-known newspaper reporters around. He has attended both conventions of the World Council of Churches—at Amsterdam, The Netherlands and Evanston, Illinois. He has covered all four assemblies of the National Council of Churches, scoring a news beat three times by correctly forecasting the selection of the President-elect. Dubbed "Reverend" by his colleagues, Thorkelson lists enough bishops and various other clergy among his personal acquaintances to fill a good-sized church.

Church-minded Minneapolis Star readers have come to count on Bill Thorkelson not only as a thoroughgoing reporter of religious news but as a religion expert in his own right. An avid reader of 30 to 40 religious publications a week, he capsules his research in a fascinating Saturday column "The Week in Religion," wherein he summarizes a staggering assortment of church doings the world over. Thorkelson is currently a director of the Greater Minneapolis Council of Churches and once took leave of absence to serve on the World Council of Churches staff in Geneva.

Bill Thorkelson's specialized writing, which has won him two national awards for outstanding religious reporting, is another reflection of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's belief in serving *all* interests of *all* readers with the most accurate, complete news coverage possible. This continuing extra effort in reporting and in public-spirited leadership has made these two newspapers the best-read, best-liked, most respected in the great 3⅓ state region they serve.

Copr., 1958, The Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co.

Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune

EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY

625,000 SUNDAY · 495,000 DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

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THE DAY AMERICA DECIDED TO "WAKE UP AND READ"...

A commuter that morning, instead of gazing out the window of his train, picked up a book and read for a half hour — and he was better prepared to meet the challenge of the competitive business world,

A housewife, after breakfast, decided to defer her routine chores for forty five minutes and picked up a widely discussed new novel — it charmed her and relaxed her and made it easier to face the routine of running a household,

A public figure pondered impending legislation as it lay neatly typed on his crowded desk. He pushed it aside and turned to the inspiring pages of the life of one of our great statesmen — and found the clue to improve the new law that lay before him,

A student, inspired by his teacher, decided to pursue a subject further by reading a book of his own selection on his own time — and thus started a fine career that will be of great value to himself and his country,

A workingman at the lunch hour, slipped a book about his hobby out of his lunch pail — and somehow the clanging presses and whirling wheels of his factory were not so hard to take,

At a social gathering that afternoon, two wives swapped books — now one is getting a better background on the problems that face John Foster Dulles, and the other is having an easier time understanding her nervous husband,

That evening, in the quiet hour before bedtime, a father consulted a reference book to give his business report a ring of authority; a wide-eyed boy was parachuted behind enemy lines in a swashbuckling novel; a mother re-discovered Elizabeth Barrett Browning; a whole family found information, pleasure and inspiration in books.

What a fine day! And what a really fine day it will be when America begins to make reading a daily pleasure. For reading fills our lives with hope, with joy, with information, with new confidence — the pleasures of reading can be matched by no other activity or experience.

"FOR A BETTER-READ, BETTER-INFORMED AMERICA" NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK, MARCH 16-22, 1958

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 8, 1958

THE BIRTH OF A CLASSIC

"J.B.," by Archibald MacLeish *(Houghton Mifflin. 153 pp. $3.50), is Mr. MacLeish's first full-length poetic drama.* SR*'s poetry editor salutes it in the deep conviction that it is not only an intrinsically great play but that it sets the model from which great poetic drama may hope to follow in our times.*

—"The Lord Answering Job Out of the Whirlwind," from "William Blake's Illustrations to the Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).

By JOHN CIARDI

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH's "J. B." is great poetry, great drama, and—as far as my limitations permit me to sense it—great stagecraft. The distinction between drama and stagecraft is a necessary one. By drama one must intend a gathering of intellectual, spiritual, and physical forces about the lives of characters who move those forces and who move within them to a conclusion that echoes within us to the root of our values. By stagecraft one must intend the manipulation of the illusions of the stage for momentary effect.

It is a simple fact of English and American literature that there has been no great poetic drama since Shakespeare. Nor need one imply that MacLeish is the equal of Shakespeare in pointing out that, until now, no one since Shakespeare has found a sufficient answer to the problems that arise from the combination of poetry and the stage. MacLeish's earlier radio plays showed him to be working valuably toward a solution of these problems. By the time his "Trojan Horse" and "This Music Crept by Me on the Water"—both one-act plays—were published, it was clear that MacLeish had solved the problems within a limited framework. He had shown anyone who cared to be shown, how to write poetic drama in the twentieth century. "J. B." now makes it clear that he had above all shown himself how to apply his own discoveries to a full-length treatment of a great theme.

MacLeish's great technical achievement is in his forging of a true poetic stage line for our times. Such a line must answer to four basic requirements.

It must have range. It must be able to speak, with equal assurance, passion, sublimity, chitchat, and every way-station of the emotions. MacLeish's range is magnificent and unstrained. He is capable of the resonance and agony of Job's cry: "God is unthinkable if we are innocent." And he can chill the flesh about us

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with the response of the child, Jolly Adams, who, told to look away from Job's sores for fear she will remember them, speaks the thrilled depravity in all of us, answering proudly: "Every sore I seen I remember!"

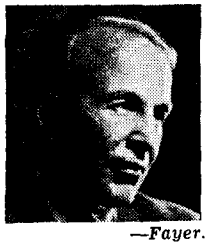
Such a line must be recognizably a line of poetry. It is difficult to say what makes a line of poetry something more than a quantity of words. It must respond to measure—metrical or not—but measure is not enough, and if the measure is mechanical, all is lost. Perhaps it may best be said that it *plays against the measure*, observing measure not as does a metronome but in a constant play of variations and compensations. It is a unit somehow as organic as a good phrase in music: stopped anywhere short of its conclusion it becomes obviously a fragment of a thing rather than the thing itself. A good poetic line, moreover, is an *irreducible statement* in the way a proverb is irreducible: it is clearly the shortest distance to itself and nothing can be spared from it. Partly because it is irreducible, it is *memorable*: something about it hooks naturally onto the mind and clings there. And it is *nervous*—as a battle cry or a cheer is nervous: it addresses itself not to detached contemplation alone (whatever that is) but suggests sensation to the whole body.

Such a line must be truly a unit of the spoken language. The means by which a line responds to the living speech of a people seem to defy definition, yet their effect is unmistakable. What is obvious is that languages have a tune to them. One can sit at a café table in Paris, just at the edge of hearing the talk at another table and be certain, without making out a single word, that what is being spoken is German or Italian or English or American. Such speech rhythms change not only from language to language but from time to time within the same language, and good poetry is forever renewing its rhythms by responding to the rhythms of prose. The basic mark of mature achievement in American poetry of the twentieth century is the success of our poets in capturing the rhythms of the American voice box.

SUCH a line, finally, must have a pace that works in the theatre. Pace is the rate at which the writing (here, the saying) reveals itself to the reader. Some young poets, for example, have tried to use Dylan Thomas's tight lyric line for the stage, and the results have been disastrous. When the speaking voice offers a tightly knotted phrase or metaphor, one naturally fastens onto it. He stops to examine it, caught by its complexities. But the speaking voice goes on. By the time the listener solves or gives up his puzzle, the voice may have covered fifteen or twenty unheard lines, and by that time who has any notion of what is being said? The stage line must manage to offer the richness of true poetry at a pace which the ear can absorb.

MacLeish's great technical achievement is that he has forged a line that answers superbly to all four of these requirements. No one else has managed such a line in our time. Auden seems to do it occasionally, but only momentarily. To my reading at least, Eliot's stage line usually sounds like an Anglican bishop's translation from the Latin, and of late even Mr. Eliot, though perhaps a bit artfully, confesses himself bored by his own plays. Christopher Fry has made the fundamental mistake of trying to use the Shakespearean line in the twentieth century. And who else is there? Maxwell Anderson? Norman Corwin? Both have tried poetic plays but their line goes stagey and windy and lacks integrity as poetry. Only Mac-

(*Continued on page* 48)



—*Fayer.*

THE AUTHOR: Archibald MacLeish stands high among living poets. He also ranks in the high echelon of national affairs. Honors for his poetry include his present position as Harvard's Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, and two Pulitzer Prizes. As a Government official, MacLeish has been Librarian of Congress, Assistant Director of the Office of War Information, Assistant Secretary of State, and the first American member of UNESCO.

It is no surprise to hear Mr. MacLeish say, "Any esthetic theory that denies political and public participation is poisonous nonsense." Few men however, have participated as fully as Mr. MacLeish. He had always, he says, "an amazing, unfounded conviction to be a poet." Nevertheless, even as a Yale undergraduate he not only edited the literary magazine, but played varsity football.

For many years Mr. MacLeish waged the material war traditional to poets. In order to marry his childhood sweetheart, Ada, he went to Harvard Law School, and joined, in 1920, one of Boston's leading trial firms. One day—three years later—he realized that he had become more lawyer than poet and promptly abandoned the law. Then thirty-one years old with a wife and two small children, MacLeish went abroad, where for six years he devoted himself wholly to poetry, writing almost a book a year.

Only poetry, however, not money, was abundant, and he returned to the United States to join the staff of the new business magazine, *Fortune*. His long editorial activity there sharpened his view of the social and economic problems of the Thirties. He continued to write poetry, and in 1933 his epic poem, "Conquistador," was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. As the decade darkened under the threat of Fascism, MacLeish became increasingly involved in the political life of his times. In 1937, while chairman of the National Congress of Writers, he urged his colleagues to accept political responsibility.

He himself did, not only in his poems and his radio plays but in official life. His career in government began in 1939, when he became Librarian of Congress. For two years he worked at its reorganization. War came, and MacLeish's duties increased. He established and directed the Office of Facts and Figures, which became the powerful Office of War Information. In 1944 he was named Assistant Secretary of State. Among his tasks was informing and persuading the American people of the burgeoning United Nations's necessity and validity. The day that Roosevelt died he handed in his resignation. But he did not refuse President Truman's request to help to organize a cultural commission within the framework of the United Nations. UNESCO was the result, and MacLeish headed the American delegation in 1946 at the historic Paris conference.

Mr. MacLeish acknowledges without regret the decline of his poetic output during his years in Washington. He has been making up for it ever since. In 1952 his "Collected Poems" earned him a second Pulitzer Prize. Today the only conferences he attends are those with his Harvard students. But Mr. MacLeish seems destined for political participation. His verse play, "J.B.," is going to be acted at the Brussels World Fair. However obliquely, the poet is still lending the Government a hand.

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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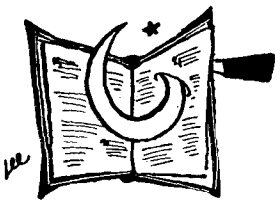
RUSSIA

Headlines from the Sidelines



"Russia, the Atom and the West," by George F. Kennan *(Harper. 116 pp. $2.50), offers readers the opportunity to peruse the controversial Reith lectures delivered last fall by our former Ambassador to the USSR. Reviewer Charles Burton Marshall is author of "Limits of Foreign Policy."*

By Charles Burton Marshall

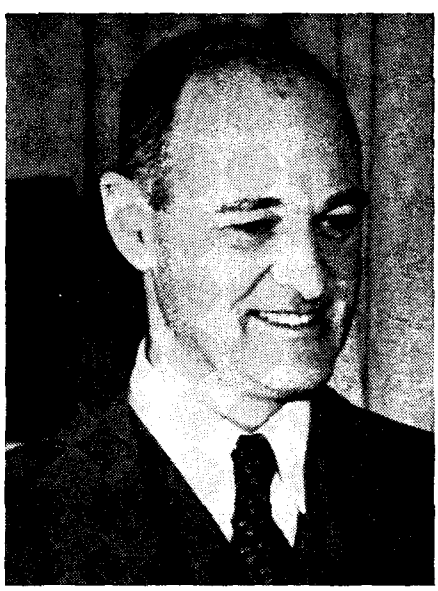
AT HIS first post, one of the Baltic capitals, some thirty years ago, George F. Kennan watched from a curb the cortège of the Soviet minister. The Japanese Chief of Mission as dean of the corps led the procession of diplomatic representatives of governments in personal contact with the USSR. Coming abreast of Kennan, he bowed and doffed his hat. The other marching diplomats then did likewise. In turn the drum major and the honor guard saluted the puzzled young diplomat. He attributed these unearned honors of protocol to a mistake of identity and filed the incident in memory as an example of the folly of undiscerning deference.

The great stir of response to Kennan's Reith lectures of last fall has been regarded by some as also an instance of overrated importance. This begs a question. In public influence, if not in protocol, acceptance as important amounts to importance. In any event, after five years away from policy responsibility, Kennan obviously retains a faculty for becoming a center of attention even while on the sidelines of events.

Kennan's consciousness of the hazards of crowding into three hours of discourse analysis and solution of the major dilemmas of a tragically riven world is reflected repeatedly in the lectures, now published as "Russia, the Atom and the West." A foreword tells of repeated rewritings up to delivery time. He often uses sidestepping phrases—for example, "I am inclined to wonder whether . . ."—as if trying to soften commitment. Except for one astonishing use of his "personal assurance" to give probatory effect to an assumption about Soviet conduct, he does not assert the authoritativeness attributed to his utterances by a wide wishful audience. Indeed, he abundantly disclaims authority. He says, "I have been talking about things concerning which I know very little," and again, "I can hold no brief for the soundness and adequacy of all that I have said." To excuse himself from specifications at another point, he says, "No outsider can judge . . ." Instances of this sort are numerous.

Reading the lectures four times through has left me puzzled over contradictions and patches of vagueness, some of which might have been cleaned up by vocal nuances in the broadcasts, which I, unfortunately, did not hear.

CONSIDER, for example, the question of relationships to the less-developed countries. It is treated in language of urgency—"the task of defending a high standard of living and all the luxuries of a progressive society against the jealousies and resentments of countless millions." Again it is treated in language of indifference; he rejects "the suggestion" of "obligation vis-à-vis the underdeveloped parts of the world." He adds, "The fact that certain portions of the globe were developed sooner than others is one for which I, as an American of this day, cannot accept the faintest moral responsibility." Yet again he acknowledges "the responsibility all industrialized nations bear for giving . . . aid and guidance to the underdeveloped areas."



George F. Kennan—". . . questioning."

Consider also the salient matter of how to negotiate with the Soviet adversary. He does brilliantly in one chapter in analyzing the psychological corruption which seems to foreclose the adversary from honest bargaining. Yet he prescribes quiet diplomatic intercourse as the avenue to accommodation—overlooking the point that the classic method works only between states sharing a universe of discourse. He urges breaking the problems into small components for negotiation, for only thus can they be made manageable. Yet again he assures us that the Russians determine their attitude in the light not of the particular situation but in the light of developments in the broadest range. He says, moreover, "Their idea of peace is . . . not the same as ours. There will be many things we shall have to discuss with them about the meaning of this term before we can agree on much else." So negotiations contract to the narrow only to expand again to the general.

WHAT of a German solution? On one page the issue is in the laps of the victor powers. Two pages later the question of dealing with the East German regime "is very much Western Germany's own business." If that is not contradictory, it is at least obscure.

I find similar problems of precision with regard to his hopes and prescription for disengagement in Europe, but this seems to me to have been subject to enough criticism already.

Any person of good will must concur in Kennan's desire to bring an end to diplomacy by press conference and missive retaliation and his repugnance for the dynamics of endless rivalry in weapons. One can only wish that his answers were as clear as his questions are relevant.

Yet I must add that much of the book is first rate—especially so a final essay on Anglo-American relations prepared for but not delivered in the Reith series. This is Kennan at his best—eloquent and full of moral insights and earnestness. It is a paradox that one who strives so hard to disavow the moral elements of policy is at his best in discussing what he denies.

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The Battle Against the Party

"Masters of Deceit," by J. Edgar Hoover *(Holt. 374 pp. $5), is subtitled "The Story of Communism in America and How to Fight It." The FBI director's study is appraised for us by the author of "Report on the American Communist," Morris L. Ernst.*

By Morris L. Ernst

AFTER an introduction, "Who Is Your Enemy?," J. Edgar Hoover digs into the origins of the Communist movement. I know of no more concise, extrovert, and easily readable story of the historical sequence of Marx through the Russian Revolution to Lenin and then to Stalin than in these first fifty pages. The dogma becomes clear, epitomized in Lenin's "There is too little of that ruthlessness which is indispensable for the success of Socialism" followed by Khrushchev's six-point charges against Stalinism—mass terror, suspicion, illegal arrests, abuse of powers, isolation from people, and love of self—ending with "But we do not criticize Stalin as a bad Communist as far as the interests of the working classes are concerned."

For my taste, the chapter on the beginnings of the Communist Party in the United States—1919-21—is too brief. I wish there had been a more detailed rehearsal of this bit of history because the following chapters, "Life in the Party" and "The Communist Trojan Horse in Action," suffer, as they had to, from the need of anonymity as to source material. I guess the weakness I find in the central position of this important work was inevitable. Public officials may not divulge names found in Government files, and for me, at least, compelled anonymity reduces the feel of truth. So it is with lawyers and maybe this is why practically no book of nonfiction by any lawyer describing the dramas of jurisprudence has had wide circulation. The privilege of the confidence acts as the barrier.

At the close of the book I felt again the pulse of reality: The chapters on the Communist underground, how it works, espionage and sabotage and what we can do about it may even be valuable to persuade more people to leave the Communist Party. They may give pause to those intellectuals who are inclined to indict the FBI in generic terms because of isolated imperfection they see in its operations. The American reflex of antagonism to all police is healthy but in the discussion of this limited area of the duties of the FBI Mr. Hoover will surprise many by his stance on the gap between parents and children, the joy of action instead of words, loneliness, statements of positive claims, and the need of a social program, which were impelling techniques of Communist recruitment in our culture. Above all, I am delighted to commend the Hoover statements begging forgiveness for those who quit the Party, and his abhorrence of ostracism for those who wake up even late, as well as his plea for aid in procuring economic security for ex-Communists.

In the conclusion Hoover answers the Lenin gospel—"We repudiate all morality that is taken outside of human class concepts." The appendices—key dates in the lives of the Communist Party Big Four, the organizations, publications, and calendar of the movement in Russia and the United States give a neat and simple perspective. I assume every reader will note the absence of comment on the behavior of some Congressional Committees, the part Senator McCarthy played in not letting people get out of the Party, the distinction between the FBI as an evidence-gathering agency and the infirmities of the Department of Justice in its ultimate debacle in their cases, often unwisely brought and ineptly pursued. These omissions are explained by the author's continued official position. I am waiting for his real book—after he retires. But the FBI is not a prosecutor—only an investigator.

One more comment: I welcome this book because many intellectuals may snipe that this frank statement by the director of the FBI should not come from the active head of an Executive Branch of our Government. I welcome it particularly for this reason, even though it is unsubtle and lacking in discussion of the psychological drives in our culture that continue to motivate young people into joining this evil underground movement—the major enemy of freedom of the market place of thought.

—Karsh of Ottawa.

J. Edgar Hoover—". . . answers Lenin's gospel."

The Party's Method

What lesson can we as a society learn from the Party's methods of recruitment? Most important, I think, is to realize that the Communist Party is attempting to exploit the rise of materialism, irreligion, and lack of faith in our society. In an era when moral standards have been lowered, when family life has been disrupted, when crime and juvenile-delinquency rates are high, Communists have tried to set forth a goal—dressed in attractive phrases—that would captivate the longings and hopes of men and women. They have, in truth, tried to "steal" the nobility, the fervor, the enthusiasm of a free government under God.

—From "Masters of Deceit," by J. Edgar Hoover (Holt).

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Drive Toward a Modern Society

"Russian Liberalism," by George Fischer *(Harvard University Press. 240 pp. $4.50), assesses political thought under the Czars between 1860 and 1905. Mr. Fischer's essay is reviewed by Marvin L. Kalb of CBS News, who recently spent considerable time in the Soviet Union.*

By Marvin L. Kalb

GEORGE FISCHER'S "Russian Liberalism"—a scholarly and imaginative refutation of the historical cliché that Czarist Russia nurtured only the extremes of political thought—examines the emergence of Russian liberalism in the half-century between the Great Reforms of the 1860s and the outburst of the 1905 Revolution. The result is a flowing and absorbing historical essay, which spotlights a central, if neglected, truth—that Russia had her Miluikovs, who believed in constitutional democracy and individual freedom, just as she had her Lenins, who believed in proletarian dictatorship and world revolution.

Mr. Fischer, an associate at Harvard's Russian Research Center who teaches at Brandeis University, divides Russian liberalism into an early phase, which he calls the "small deeds" liberalism of the rich, idle gentry, and a later phase, the "senseless dreams" liberalism of the new, blooming intelligentsia. Although both brands were like misty, romantic dreams, which were first beginning to adjust to the realities of semi-feudal, semi-enlightened Russia, there were some significant differences.

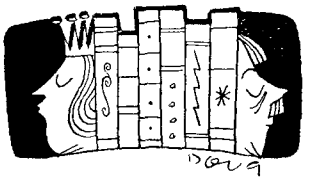
In the 1860s liberalism was the preoccupation of the landed gentry—a fact shocking to many intellectual historians who have long mistakenly propounded the theories that liberalism is consonant only with industrial capitalism and that landowners are the true supporters of reaction. After a century or two of dull manor life and pulsating Western philosophies, the gentry plunged into *zemstvo* work to help educate and elevate the "dark masses." The Czar only tolerated the *zemstvo*, a kind of local representative assembly, because he was confident he had the decisive power to crush it if he found its modest demands for social justice distasteful. The liberal gentry, moreover, were not really accustomed to thinking of force as a means of achieving their social and political goals. They were tied too tightly to the umbilical cord of Czardom to be extremists.

By 1905 Russian society had undergone a drastic change. The emancipation of the serfs in 1861 and the subsequent industrialization of key urban centers gave birth to a new social class—the intelligentsia. These were professional people—doctors, lawyers, teachers, statisticians, journalists, who did not feel as close to the Czar as the gentry had. Moreover, catastrophic war against the Japanese combined with a sharply deteriorating economic situation to transform local *zemstvo* liberalism into *Duma* liberalism, raising for the first time a substantial challenge to the absolute authority of Nicholas II. In other words, liberalism spilled over the villages into the cities and universities, into a national political movement, and the Czar had in 1905 to promise constitutional reform.

This promise seriously undercut the strength of the revolutionary movement. The masses were dissatisfied, but not that dissatisfied. The intelligentsia, whose political zeal was moderated by their gentry partners and by the hope of a brighter future, lost much of their dynamism. Within a short time, the intelligentsia withdrew their maximum demands for complete individual freedom and constitutional democracy.

When the Romanov dynasty finally disintegrated in March, 1917, it even appears that the intelligentsia were somewhat reluctant about assuming power. When they finally were galvanized into action, it was too late. A sleepy Bolshevik soldier turned off the light on Russia's Constituent Assembly in January, 1918, and threw Russia into the darkness of Lenin's dictatorship.

IN A broader, more profound, sense, Mr. Fischer's essay describes that "central liberal dilemma—the dilemma of attaining complex, specifically Western objectives in an illiberal, underdeveloped society." What nations like Indonesia and India are today, Russia was fifty years ago. "Islands of the latest culture and technology grew steadily but tortuously and unevenly in a sea of medieval and feudal backwardness. And government chicanery and suppression coexisted with a most untotalitarian leeway for oppositional thought and



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PEOPLE INTO BOOKS

Here is a list of reasonably recent biographies and biographical novels in the titles of which the subjects' names do not appear. Carolyn E. Fosdick of Manila, Philippine Islands, asks you to identify authors and subjects. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 18.

1. "This Was a Poet"	( ) Elizabeth Byrd	( ) Lord Byron
2. "Ariel"	( ) Guy Endore	( ) The Brownings
3. "Victorian Love Story"	( ) Norman Weygand	( ) Dante Gabriel Rossetti
4. "The Solitary Singer"	( ) Ann M. Lingg	( ) Mary, Queen of Scots
5. "Immortal Diamond"	( ) Vincent Sheean	( ) Vincent van Gogh
6. "Magic Flute"	( ) Guy Wilson Allen	( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley
7. "Lust for Life"	( ) Irving Stone	( ) Franz Liszt
8. "His Very Self and Voice"	( ) Nerina Shute	( ) Richard Wagner
9. "Lead Kindly Light"	( ) George Whicher	( ) Paul Gauguin
10. "Immortal Queen"	( ) Bertita Harding	( ) Emily Dickinson
11. "Noble Savage"	( ) Frances Winwar	( ) Alexandre Dumas
12. "Mephisto Waltz"	( ) Ernest Lowell, Jr.	( ) Walt Whitman
13. "The Immortal Lovers"	( ) André Maurois	( ) Gerard Manley Hopkins
14. "King of Paris"	( ) Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson	

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activity." Russia "half-welcomed and half-repulsed" the drive toward modern society. In the end Russia could not make the transition gracefully.

Mr. Fischer offers no solutions to modern underdeveloped countries confronted with the same dilemma. Each backward nation has its own set of peculiarities and must face the problem alone. Mr. Fischer simply poses the problem in this fine, ground-breaking effort which should become must-reading for every thoughtful person.

CONSPIRATORS: Stuart Ramsey Tompkins continues his examination of the intellectual mind of modern Russia in **"The Russian Intelligentsia—Makers of the Revolutionary State"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $5), a comprehensive, if controversial, survey of the Russian revolutionary movement from the Crimean War in 1855 to the Russian Revolution in 1917. Professor Tompkins, who teaches history at the University of Oklahoma, focuses his scholarly attention on the "unique development" of the intelligentsia—a "new" class which he equates with that small, desperate minority of Russian intellectuals who were passionately devoted to the overthrow of the Czarist order. According to this narrow definition, the thoughtful liberal Russian, weaned on German philosophy, French literature, and English political theory, who saw hope for Russian democracy in the modest social reforms of Alexander II, is not included in the intelligentsia. Professor Tompkins discounts the view of many "Western writers" who have confused the intelligentsia with those "intelligent Russians" who were able to discuss politely the "right" books in the "right" circles at the "right" time. His main point—one which may be disputed by Russian historians—is that the intelligentsia was spawned by those Russians whose absolute rejection of their society led eventually to the formation of conspiratorial groups aimed at the final destruction of the Czarist regime. Professor Tompkins proves this thesis with well-written expositions of the basic components of the Russian intellectual movement in the seventy years preceding the Russian Revolution, such as populism, nihilism, liberalism, and Socialism, which he has spiced liberally with quotations from their principal spokesmen. In this light the "Russian Intelligentsia" is another valuable addition to our understanding of the Russian mind—apparently as baffling to Westerners today as it was yesterday.

—M. L. K.

FICTION

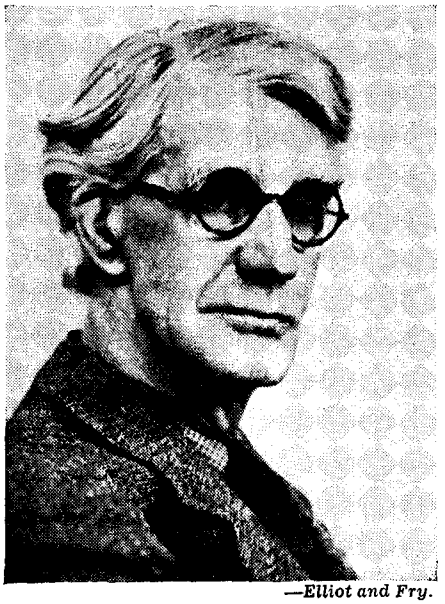
Grand Mulch of Life

***"Time and the Hour," by Howard Spring** (Harper. 440 pp. $4.50), is a novel in the hallowed English tradition of Bennett and Dickens, plaited with many skeins of character and plot line.*

By Edmund Fuller

THERE is a tradition in the English novel, running back through Bennett, Butler, and Meredith, Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope to Fielding (just to hit the high spots), which has a common element apart from all variations of style, personality, and period. This element is the crowded, massively detailed, pageantlike canvas. If the above-named are among the epic figures of the tradition, it also has its respected, currently practising epigones. Among these are such as A. J. Cronin, R. C. Hutchinson, and Howard Spring. They are splendid craftsmen, all: how much better than just this, time will have to tell. To be a superb craftsman is a great deal in its own right.

"Time and the Hour"—its title rather tritely derived—marches its deliberate but always busy way from 1912 to the very eve of the Second World War. It has a gallery of players so large, and a story line so impartially distributed through their lives, that it is impossible to single out a standard hero or heroine. The nearest thing to the former is the boy who begins life under the name Anthony Bromwich but is destined to find it changed. However, I think he gradually becomes outbid for our paramount identification by the latercomer, Joanna Halliwell, whose mother also becomes a major figure in the unfolding tale.



—*Elliot and Fry.*

Howard Spring—". . . superb craftsman."

The milieu ranges from the West Riding of Yorkshire to London, and from the world of the music-hall artist to the worlds of publishing, law, schoolteaching, and industry. Joys, griefs, comeuppances, and fulfilments are sprinkled along the course.

Among many well-created characters my own favorite is the rusticating Septimus Pordage, living on the income of a famous series of language textbooks, who undertakes the highly unconventional tutelage of Anthony. Septimus produces one true, unique literary work, the novel called "Me, About I," which begins:

> On Quinquagesima Sunday in 1910, as I was walking down the main street of a quaint old Cornish town, I came face to face with me, emerging from the Angel. "Ho there, old Whorson Ape!" I cried happily, and Me stopped dead in his tracks, regarding I with deep remorse.

Septimus is winning, and has much depth, though sometimes marred by swerving over the narrow margin of cuteness, through what may be either his fault or Mr. Spring's.

The story of Joanna's marriage to Sir William Scroop is one of the best of the interwoven threads of narrative. The minor triumphs of the bounder, Chris Hudson, are interestingly irritating. Through the lawyer, Schwann, and the journalist, Joe Morrison, we get a foresight of the meaning of Hitlerism. If there is a sentimental England here, there is also the England that rallied as prophets of doom had said it never could in the drama that starts where "Time and the Hour" stops. It is a novel that will please many who like to read in a well-defined tradition, for the grand mulch of life, in prodigal books from which at least a half dozen of the sparse and thrifty novels of today's prevailing genre could be made.

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Art of Bungling

"I Like It Here," by Kingsley Amis *(Harcourt, Brace. 208 pp. $3.75), is a comic novel, by a leading member of Britain's "Angry Young Men," about a writer who takes his family on a summer junket to Portugal.*

By Hollis Alpert

WITTY, comic, and satirical inventiveness are very much present in the third Kingsley Amis novel, "I Like It Here," but, as was not the case in his first two books, he hasn't come up with much of a story. "Lucky Jim," and "That Certain Feeling" were wildly hilarious at times, but they were also accompanied by a strong and interesting thread of story. They might well have stood on their own without all the manic variations strung on them by Mr. Amis. In case there is anyone who still doesn't know, Amis is usually regarded as the first of "The Angry Young Men" of contemporary British letters and drama. His "Lucky Jim" is only beginning to create the enthusiasm on this side of the Atlantic it has long deserved—it appeared in 1953—and while Amis is far and away the best of the younger British writers, he hasn't yet found much of an American audience.

The thing about Jim, a well-educated young man who belonged heart, soul, and pocketbook to the British non-uppers, was that he wasn't lucky. His only solace was the ability to attract pretty girls. One could, if one chose, regard the second Amis novel, "That Certain Feeling," as a further chapter in the saga of the original Jim. He's the same literary young man, this time with a couple of small children, and embroiled with a U woman in some comic adultery. "I Like It Here" shows us much the same chap, older and with a larger family this time, facing the rigors of going abroad on a trip that would mingle pleasure and business.

Garnet Bowen is of course aware that going abroad is a much overrated experience. Sure enough, the trip to Portugal is replete with large discomforts and small disasters. His attempt to write a play while on holiday is a fizzle, the fleas are savage, though invisible, and in the middle of it all his wife must fly home to attend an ailing mother, the while the landlord in London informs him that he has lost his lease on his apartment. What story there is mostly involves trying to penetrate the mystery of an elderly expatriate claiming to be a famous novelist who has always written under a psuedonym. Mr. Amis dissipates this mystery in the highly disrespectful way one would expect him to dissipate such a mystery and while doing it tosses us, like delightful candies, a series of comic portraits.

Throughout this book, as in the others, there is a discernible attitude. It's one made up largely of disrespect (or mistrust) for all that most people respect, and with it goes a recognition that this disrespect must be kept to oneself. Think one thing, but say another. Amis's men generally do this. They also grant a kind of ironical devotion to their wives and children, work hard for an ill-paid living (at intellectual or literary work, naturally), and are ready for a spot of uncomplicated adultery should the opportunity ever present itself. When it does, watch out for the act of God, man, or nature that will make a howling mess of the whole thing. Amis's hero looks now to be imprisoned in his unsatisfactory way of life, and, like the British type he laughs at, is going to muddle through somehow. But these are the more serious undertones in his novel. The overtones, slight as the story is, are briskly, literately amusing.

Rosary of Life

"Maggie-Now," by Betty Smith *(Harper. 437 pp. $4), returns, as did the author's second book, to the Irish-Catholic milieu of her popular first novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn."*

By Ann F. Wolfe

THAT tree still grows in Brooklyn and in the memory of Brooklyn-born Betty Smith. Its grudging shade lends a touch of grace to the teeming Williamsburg district where Maggie-Now lives out her modest days. Spiritually, Maggie-Now is younger sister to Miss Smith's famous heroine, Francie, and, like her, is a child of the early twentieth century. But she demands less of life, much less, and gets it.

That less might well have been more if Pat had not been her father. Tricked into leaving his native Kilkenny and the only girl, indeed the only being, he ever loved, the young immigrant had been maneuvered into service as stable boy to a Tammany ward heeler. Cynicism embittered Pat's soul. The only men he respected

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were those "worthy of me hate." Fortunately for the lonely Irishman, his employer's schoolteacher daughter, plain, gentle Mary, fell in love with him.

After their elopement, the father-in-law got Pat a street cleaner's job and gave Mary a house in Williamsburg. It was a poor thing but their own, and their daughter was to know no other home.

Despite her father's dourness, Maggie-Now had a happy childhood. Mary, unloved by her husband, lavished love and companionship on her affectionate, golden-eyed child. Every Decoration Day mother and daughter took a wondrous ride on the open trolley far away out to the cemetery. Once—magic adventure!—they visited cousins in Boston. The idyll ended in Maggie-Now's sixteenth year, when her mother died giving birth to Denny.

Showering fond care on the baby brother, serving her father's perverse whims, and catering to the demands of the tenants upstairs, Maggie-Now had no time for boys. She was twenty-two when, thanks to Father Flynn, she met the young Brooklynite—Catholic, of course—who hoped to marry her after the war. But she gave him up, and with him the assurance of comfortable living, for the evasive, poetic-spoken stranger named Claude. She took the improvident unbeliever into her crowded home and found fulfilment in his love.

"MAGGIE-NOW" is less a plot-centered novel than a rosary of family joys and sorrows strung on the thread of nostalgia. On threads, rather, for Pat's story is pretty insistent. Yet Maggie-Now is no sentimental Griselda, the pearl produced by a father's irritant selfishness. She is an idealist who gives freely out of her own inner abundance. Her religion, unlike her father's do-it-yourself Catholicism, is a way of life tinged with Irish mysticism. Not in a long, long time has a heroine so searched the recesses of the heart.

Miss Smith has the exciting gift of identifying reader with story. Williamsburg's tribal ways beguile; her struggling priests, shopkeepers, and factory girls win the affections. Claude alone, the outsider, lacks human substance, but then the poet in Maggie-Now needed a dream.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 14, 5, 12, 9, 4, 7, 3, 1, 6, 13, 8, 2, 11.

Column Three should read: 8, 13, 3, 10, 7, 2, 12, 6, 11, 1, 14, 4, 9, 5.

Shirley Jackson—". . . peculiar magic."

The "Chosen Few"

"The Sundial," by Shirley Jackson *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 245 pp. $3.75), is an ironic inquiry into the idiocy of mankind.*

By William Peden

FROM the very onset "The Sundial" is alive with the peculiar magic which Shirley Jackson has conjured in earlier novels like "Hangsaman" and "The Bird's Nest," or in such individualistic short stories as "The Lottery." Miss Jackson shocks her readers into instant attention by the effective juxtaposition of startling incident and unusual characters. The scene of her new novel is the magnificent Halloran mansion, set quite apart from an unnamed New England village as much by the pride of its inhabitants as by its sturdy wall. The time is the present. Mr. Halloran, from whose funeral the clan and its hangers-on have just returned, has died under mysterious and shocking circumstances: his widow shrilly insists that her mother-in-law pushed her son to his death.

The tensions and hatreds loose in the Halloran clan are momentarily forgotten, however, by the arrival of startling messages from the spirit world. Aunt Fanny Halloran is informed by her long-deceased papa that the world will soon be destroyed. Only the inhabitants of the mansion will be spared; these misfits, sycophants, and neurotics are to be charged "with the future of humanity . . . and [must] breed a new race of mankind."

Around these disclosures, and their effect on the Halloran household, Miss Jackson has built an engrossing novel. In addition to being a first-class storyteller, she has always been concerned with the conflict between good and evil in a world deplorably deficient in common sense, kindness, and magnanimity in the Aristotelian sense. "The Sundial" is no exception.

For all its wry humor, the novel seems to me to be primarily a bleak inquiry into what can only be called the idiocy of mankind. As H-Hour of an apocalyptic D-Day approaches, the spooks who inhabit the Halloran mansion become even more selfish, bigoted, and stupid than before. Concerned only with their own egos, oblivious of the meaning of a larger tragedy looming before them, they present a shocking picture of a society paralyzed by conceit and rendered impotent by the folly of accepting the role of a Chosen Few.

Perhaps I misunderstand Miss Jackson, or am taking "The Sundial" too seriously. On the other hand, the author's preoccupation with symbols thrusts this kind of reading upon even the most unsophisticated reader: there are the sundial itself with its inscription from a verse by an Elizabethan courtier and poet—"WHAT IS THIS WORLD?"; the query painted over the landing of the great Halloran stairway—"WHEN SHALL WE LIVE IF NOT NOW?"; the secret attic apartment in which the past of the first and second Mrs. Halloran is preserved; the frequent Elizabethan allusions centering around Mrs. Halloran and her courtier, Essex; the snake and the shattered window and the burning of the books, to name only a few.

The accumulation of such devices tends at times to blunt the edge of Miss Jackson's story; the individuals of "The Sundial," like Aunt Fanny Halloran, are sometimes lost in a maze from which there is apparently no escape. But the exit *is* there, and the entrance as well, if one has the patience to look for them.

CRIME CAN BE FUN: Every operative in **"The Long Arm"** (Harper, $3.50), Henry Cecil's latest delight, is civilized to the ears: William Richmond, a genial jobber; Tewkesbury, a permanently plastered solicitor; Mr. Justice Soames, a compulsive talker; the idiosyncratic barristers, *et al.* Even a quartet of smash and grab artists are virtuosos in the art of polite conversation.

But amid all this urbanity and charm, Mr. Cecil keeps a fine thread of plot spinning artfully away. A hundred thousand pounds has been heisted from his premises, claims Richmond, and he wants restitution. "This claim stinks," says Miss Clinch, the insurance adjuster. Somewhere

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between these two poles of opinion lies the truth, and the author pursues it in the courts—first civil and then criminal—sifting the evidence or lack of it, and chasing down the byways of coincidence. All this is managed, in "The Long Arm," with a high degree of wit, proving once again that crime can be fun. —MARTIN LEVIN.

WINDMILL TILTING: Peter De Polnay's new novel, **"The Clap of Silent Thunder"** (Random House, $3.50), is a cheerful entertainment, droll, warm, soothing, with memorable characters and setting, fine comic incident and pleasant talk. For a while, a reader may think he is getting another "South Wind," but Mr. De Polnay keeps the course of his story in the shallows all the way, steering it to an arbitrary solution that carries little conviction for all its neatness.

His setting this time is the Atlantic coast of Spain, under the warm *levante*. Benthurst, a wealthy Englishman, his daughter, Antonia, and his secretary-chauffeur, Morris, settle into a villa in The Port. One of their neighbors is an eccentric who believes himself to be a reincarnation of Don Quixote; but the reader finds pretty quickly that Benthurst is a truer image of the foolish knight. He organizes a ring to smuggle cigarettes from Tangier, meaning to devote the profits to the glory of God and Spain; he fights a gallant but doomed battle to keep his daughter unmarried; and tilts at his windmills in a quixotic duel over the heartily tarnished honor of a fellow-exile.

In the end all works out for the best; as ought to happen to all Quixotes, Benthurst is soothed and maintained in his illusions by the (passably) sane ones about him. And the reader, diverted if not moved by this commendably competent, light, and literate novel, has reason to be grateful to Mr. De Polnay for a thoroughly agreeable time.

—D. R. BENSEN.

SUMMER OF DISCONTENT: Twenty-one-year-old Korean veteran Mike Logan is the hero of George Lea's jazz novel, **"Somewhere There's Music"** (Lippincott, $1.50). An acolyte of the "progressive" school of jazz, he wants his music to be taken seriously. For him "cool" jazz characterizes his generation and expresses the frustration and apprehension of the postwar period. He sweats out a summer of soul searching in his home town, Ogemaw, Michigan, and emerges from the summer of his discontent believing that his kind of jazz is life, and it would be death not to play it.

Even after the choice is made, Mike's blues build in an eloquent jazz crescendo of "lights blending with darks" to a moving and ironic climax. His battle with himself is constantly underscored by his father's opposition, his lover's tragic death, and his orgies with fellow musicians, who destroy themselves with an amazing battery of dope and stimulants. The pattern of conflicts is brilliantly planned, and theme and narrative are subtly bound together. The author has a fine sense of drama and tonal contrast, in varying tempo and intensity, closely akin to the jazz suites of Duke Ellington.

If one feels at the outset that George Lea is using his hero as another spokesman for the so-called "beat generation," he soon realizes that Logan is more complex, more deeply human. Mr. Lea is not posing as a hipster-high priest like Jack Kerouac —he is a more sensitive and objective observer of the jazz scene and a highly talented new writer.

—RAY BENTLEY.

APOLLO ON THE LOOSE: **"The Man on the Rock"** (Pantheon, $3.50), a short novel by Francis King set in contemporary Greece, focuses on an incredibly handsome youth named Spiros, who tells the story of his unsavory career with remarkable self-candor and a wryly humorous appreciation for life's ironies. Though a shrewd judge of what is exploitable in human nature, Spiros doesn't need to be as wily as his legendary countryman Odysseus, for people will forgive him almost any betrayal of their trust rather than be deprived of his beauty. Especially vulnerable is Irvine, a cultivated middle-aged American with a Pygmalion complex who "keeps" Spiros through thick and thin. Despite the fact that Spiros uses him shamelessly, their strangely symbiotic relationship is often touchingly portrayed. It is finally severed, not as a result of Irvine's, but of Spiros's, jealousy. Spiros marries a Greek girl of wealthy family whose father promptly disowns her, and their life together is cluttered with petty bickering and unpaid bills. At the end, she dies in childbirth in London, and Spiros is more or less deported to Greece, where, though friendless and penniless, he lands on his feet in true feline fashion and again begins to prowl.

While in most respects "The Man on the Rock" is a slight story, its chief character arouses in the reader the ambivalent, alternating currents of response which are more often characteristic of encounters in life than in fiction. In addition, the author's ear for revealing dialogue is acute, and his knowledge of Greece and his understanding of the Greek temperament seem to be penetrating, and obviously not of the sort which can be learned from reading travel guides. —JEROME STONE.

The Watch of the Live Oaks

By James Schevill

ACROSS the street from the summer house where I am staying,
A twisted stand of live oaks rises in the sky,
Boughs locked high in a green vault. Beneath their watch
A boy was killed, shot through a window,
As he stood drunk and cursing on the lawn.
I think of Robert Louis Stevenson,
Walking in dark groves, who called the
Twining limbs of oaks, "woods for murderers to crawl among."
Compelled, we blaze our images on trees,
Assign them with a curse or radiance of the mind;
They only watch us from their silent peaks,
And yet without their arch of greenness
Who would walk out singing in the morning?
As among a grove of live oaks in the mountains
Father Serra commanded the unpacking of the bells
For his unbuilt mission, and hung the bells suspended
From the sinuous, gnarled grace of a sweeping oak.
Seized by his writhing search for peace,
He rang the bells exultantly, crying:
"Hear and come! Come to the Holy Church of God!"
And the heathen oak became a Christian church.

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Likable Curmudgeon

"Gilbert: His Life and Strife," by Hesketh Pearson *(Harper. 288 pp. $4.50), utilizes private letters and diaries to amplify the portrait of the librettist which appeared in Mr. Pearson's 1935 biography of Gilbert and Sullivan. Columbia University Professor William W. Appleton reviews it.*

By William W. Appleton

WITH "Gilbert: His Life and Strife," Hesketh Pearson has added one more portrait to his gallery of eminent Victorians. To be sure, the word "eminent" does not really suit the terrible-tempered William Schwenk Gilbert, except to describe his talent, and even the word "Victorian" needs some qualification. Chronologically he belongs to that period, but in temperament—violently opinionated, impulsively generous, recklessly quarrelsome—he belongs to an earlier age. A fire-breathing cavalier, strayed into Mrs. Grundy's drawing room, would share his view of the world as a topsy-turvy place.

From the age of two, when a pair of Neapolitan brigands kidnaped him, to his accidental death at seventy-five, while rescuing a young girl from drowning, a vein of the improbable ran through his life. At his worst he was impossible. At his best, irresistible. Whatever charge could be brought against him, no one could ever accuse him of falsity or affectation. There were no gaps in his life. Like Hazlitt's, his days were compounded of irritations, elations, and disappointments, all of which he seems to have enjoyed mightily. Whether he was writing a libretto, abusing his neighbor because the maids raked out the cinders too early in the morning, or pursuing his disastrous feud with Sullivan and Carte, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the affair at hand. He was as incapable of tact as of equivocation. In an age of conformity how enviable his uncompromising individuality seems!

Mr. Pearson, enlarging on his 1935 biography of Gilbert and Sullivan, has had access to private letters and diaries of Gilbert for this amplified portrait. In quality these materials vary enormously. His letters range from peppery, abusive missives to tediously detailed accounts of finance and performances. His diary is uniformly dull. On the theory that the servants enjoyed reading it surreptitiously, he confined himself to the barest, blandest entries. As usual, the author has embellished his study with lively anecdotes, and he has documented fully, for the first time, the famous quarrel of the Savoy triumvirate. He tends to relegate his subject's private life to the background. He does, however, allow himself some cautious conjectures. He suggests, for example, that the succession of notably unattractive older women in the Savoy operas reflects in some degree Gilbert's own unhappy relationship with his disagreeable mother, and he offers some shrewd insights into the two sides of Gilbert, "Bowdler in the drawing room and Rabelais in the smoking room."

His estimates of Gilbert's work seem generally sound, certainly sounder than those of the dramatist, who felt that he would be remembered by "Gretchen" and "Broken Hearts." Pearson rightly stresses the debt which "The Importance of Being Earnest" owes to "Engaged." He makes much of the importance of Gilbert as a director, with his fastidious attention to detail, though he overlooks the importance of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews in reforming stage practices, and mentions Tom Robertson only briefly. Pearson fails also to assess Gilbert's work against the broad perspective of nineteenth-century drama. He merely cites H. J. Byron, to whom Gilbert owed so much in his early burlesques. He pays little or no attention to the work of Planché, Labiche, and Grundy. Unsurpassed in their kind, the Savoy operas nonetheless belong to a literary tradition. Mr. Pearson, however, may perhaps be excused this lapse on the plea that he is writing a biography rather than a critical study.

SAVOYARDS will not need urging to read this book. Cooler partisans of Gilbert and Sullivan will doubtless find pleasure in it. Even anti-Savoyards will find a perverse interest in it, if only to bolster their confirmed prejudices. Sir William Gilbert was, after all, very much more than an appendage to Arthur Sullivan. If the two had never met, he would still be remembered as a minor farceur. Merely as a personality he would merit some attention. Cantankerous, witty, exacting by turn, he neatly described his plight in King Gama's song in "The Princess Ida": "Although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can, Yet everybody says I am a disagreeable man! And I can't think why!" In this book Hesketh Pearson has captured the essence of an exasperating but likable curmudgeon.

Shard from the Past

"The Fine and the Wicked," by Monica Stirling *(Coward-McCann. 223 pp. $4), subtitled "The Life and Times of Ouida," does much to increase the reader's respect for an all-but-forgotten Victorian novelist. Helen Beal Woodward, our reviewer, is the author of "Bold Women."*

By Helen Beal Woodward

WHEN Ouida the novelist was an imaginative little girl named Louise Ramée in a tiny provincial town in England, she used sometimes in her walks to "pick up a stone lying by the wayside, take it home, and make a sort of pet out of it, saying it was lonely and uncared for." This charming story, told by Ouida's first biographer, is relayed by her latest, Monica Stirling, in a book with one of those irritating double titles, "The Fine and the Wicked," which covers the years 1839 to 1908.

Assembling old mental impressions of Ouida, remembering the snobbery, anti-Semitism, and burlesque heroics of "Under Two Flags," one may wonder whether Miss Stirling in her turn has picked up a stone. Can the author with all her enthusiasm cuddle any life into the subject of Ouida, a novelist today virtually unread and as dated as Elinor Glyn? Was Ouida worth writing or reading about? The answer is yes. Not only does Miss Stirling succeed in interesting us in Ouida as a shard from the past, a phenomenon of the Victorian landscape; she also wins our respect for Ouida as a minor but absolutely authentic artist, and our sympathy for her as a human being.

As a woman Ouida by her own standards was a flop. Her tragedy

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was that she accepted completely the values of a society to which she could never conform. She was a superior woman who believed in female inferiority. A woman who could not catch a man, she felt, had no reason for living. She herself, however, was too plain, brainy and undevious by nature to catch a Victorian-era man. Consequently she played the role of man-chasing spinster, to the titillation of Florentine society in the 1870s. Monica Stirling has brought her novelist's insight to bear upon the relationship between Ouida and the Marchese della Stufa, whom she pursued for ten years, but she has not gone as far as I should have liked to see her go in interpreting or theorizing about Ouida's peculiar personality. Perhaps a novelist embarking on biography feels inhibited. All the same, it is disappointing when the creator of such complex and fascinating characters as the people in Miss Stirling's "Some Darling Folly" fills up her pages with little bits and pieces about what was happening in the world at the time that certain other things were happening to Ouida. The running commentary is engagingly written and I suppose it supplies the "Times" for the book's subtitle, "The Life and Times of Ouida," but the effect is of something added, like Victorian tatting. At best these scraps from the author's research help to illumine the period, at worst they read like padding. In any case, they are the kind of thing that any run-of-the-mill researcher could have turned up and I begrudge their use in a book by an author equipped to give us much more.

THE surprise of "The Fine and the Wicked" is the good case that Miss Stirling is able to make out for Ouida as a writer. Even allowing for the infatuation of a biographer and the possibility that she has culled her quotations from reams of rubbish, the passages she quotes are impressively unlike what Ouida's critics have led us to expect. There is a passage from "Ariadne" beginning "Water is the living joy of Rome" which is almost music, there are lovely evocative descriptions of scenery, there are astute observations on current questions, there is a remarkable estimate of d'Annunzio dating from 1897. Evidently if Ouida had not been able to make so much money so easily by writing second-rate novels so fast, she might have produced more that was first-rate.

This is a loving biography. Ouida was such a fanatical antivivisectionist that she even opposed tree-pruning. "How would the Marchese like to have his own arms and legs lopped off?" she inquired pertly when her landlord asked her to clip her hedge. Miss Stirling mentions these personal eccentricities but she does not dwell upon them; they have been well canvassed by previous biographers. Even if she errs, as she may, on the score of pro-Ouidaism, her "life" leaves one with a warm feeling that she has helped to balance the scales and that a simple act of literary justice has been done.

HOOSIER HOMER: Despite its title, which is a triumph of ineptitude, **"Those Innocent Years"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50), by Richard Crowder, is a good book. You must read the subtitle for enlightenment: "The Legacy and Inheritance of a Hero of the Victorian Era, James Whitcomb Riley." (Even that has quite a few weak spots in it.) Mr. Crowder is neither idolater nor debunker; he eschews the drapery of footnotes; he is sympathetic without being partisan; his is a purely factual rather than a critical or evaluative biography. He may, indeed, protest too little; in his prologue he writes: "Today . . . his poetry is all but ignored, though in the schools a few of his lines remain: each autumn boys recite 'When the Frost Is on the Punkin'; assemblies of pupils listen with fascination to 'The Bear Story'; they are open-mouthed at the punishments of 'Little Orphan Annie'; they bask in the camaraderie of 'The Raggedy Man.' . . . His books are nearly all out of print. But his name is everywhere in Indiana." The unreadness of an author is a quantity difficult of measurement. It is quite within the limits of possibility that, since his book appeared, Mr. Crowder has been getting a lot of indignant mail, all bearing Indiana postmarks except for several shocked protests from elderly Hoosiers transplanted to St. Petersburg and Long Beach.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE NARROW SEARCH *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.95)	English model bye-byes hubby (a heel); he hits back by hiding their baby; nice photographer to rescue.	Chase for snatched tot takes searching couple on fascinating canal trip across countryside; fine pace.	Top drawer.
THE THREE-TIME LOSERS *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Shoeless Insp. Schmidt noses out killer of N.Y. playgirl's octogenarian husband; dynamite under car hood also problem.	One-day job puts on carpet odd assortment of relatives as pursuit broadens into Hudson Valley; much Q&A.	Solid, conventional.
THE GALLOWS GARDEN *M. E. Chaber* (Rinehart: $2.95)	Milo March, N.Y. insurance eye, flies to "Monican" Republic to lift MS which damns dictator; brings home bacon.	Much Spanish spoken, alcohol consumed, love made; pending true-case serves as model; hero-narrator wonder-boy type.	Horseplay, gunplay.
NORTH OF ROME *Helen MacInnes* (Harcourt: $3.95)	Yank playwright, footloose in Eternal City, sees kidnaping; follows through as Reds-drugs combination gets in licks.	Story conventional, but yarn shines brilliantly as picture of contemporary Italian tourism; love finds a way.	As noted.
MURDER ON TRIAL *Michael Underwood* (Washburn: $2.95)	Fatal gunshot in English courtroom gives Supt. Manton neat nut to crack; juror's flight adds to puzzle.	Handling lacks dramatic punch, though story does not; cops on ball; second killing is baffling factor.	Plus mark.
THE LONG FAREWELL *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	Did Shakespeare tour Italy? Jovial English scholar says yes and is slain for his pains; Insp. Appleby marks papers.	Academic house party attended by remarkable group; bigamy factor pleasantly irrelevant; American tycoon present.	High test.
A STIR OF ECHOES *Richard Matheson* (Lippincott: $2.95)	S. Calif. airplant exec (junior grade) appalled to find he has clairvoyant powers; wife also displeased.	Nicely organized yarn is thoroughly convincing; hypnotism important factor; cast small, credible; pace, fast, taut.—SERGEANT CUFF.	Top drawer.

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The Saturday Review

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Most Dangerous Profession

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest-editorial is contributed by Frank G. Jennings: author; educational consultant; and executive director, Library Club of America.*

TEACHING is the most dangerous profession. It deals with our children, the most precious of our natural resources. It refines them into brave and wonderful adults or it grossly degrades them into dull, over-aged adolescents. Its results color, mold, and determine the shape of our nation and the character of our people.

IF our teachers lack luster, fewer of their charges will be as bright as they might have been. IF our teachers are cowards, they will teach their cowardice.

IF teachers are not responsible citizens, they will produce political idiots. IF teachers become the tools of any pressure group, rather than the prime artisans of a creative society, then we will all shrink into a nation of domesticated, two-legged cattle, capable of nothing but ignorant brutality toward each other and cud-chewing obedience to the loudest shouters and the best feeders.

IF teachers do not earn and keep the status and the respect which their profession requires, their role will be captured by the practical, committed, dedicated members of the industrial and commercial communities, who can train people very well, but who cannot affort the expense of the humane adventure.

Thus, teaching must forever live in creative danger, but teachers must hold onto the protective warnings of these terrifying IFs, lest these warnings become irremovable realities.

It is our great good fortune that in most of the schools in this country many pupils are met by a person for whom the magic of real respect and true love can quickly develop. This is so whether that teacher faces a kindergarden of five-year-olds or a seminar of graduate students. Yet sometimes this magic dies because that teacher is beset by fears and half-understood anxieties that come from the half-empty pocketbook or a half-shattered self-esteem.

The great teacher possesses a personality strong enough to free himself from these pressures. And it is this free teacher who is truly an artist in human relations. (This is something that must not be confused with some teacher's college workshop courses bearing the same name.)

Pupil and teacher begin their relationship by studying and learning *each other*. They learn by their common experience to value and to use each other's words and acts and ideas. A group of human beings so learning is the closest to Eden we can ever be. For the interests of young people can encompass the whole world. All kinds of experience press in upon them. The teacher has to know when and how to teach them to begin to be selective about these experiences.

There is great danger here! What happens if our young people are denied the ability to make and to know that they are making significant choices? George Orwell's Big Brother will come and do it for them. To prevent Big Brother from taking over, the teacher has to know and be able to show all the kinds of choices there are. To do this he must have an unquenchable thirst for delight, an insatiable appetite for wonder, and the talent to transmit these qualities to the children.

This is asking more than is ordinarily possible for anyone. But our society must ask this of its teachers. For there is this warning: the teacher who does not love poetry does a rather poor job of arranging a love-affair between words and the child. A teacher for whom all painting beyond the merely pictorial is nonsense cannot follow the child into the rain-forest of color and shapes that is the possible world of that child. A teacher who can think only on one level of understanding at a time cannot keep his bearings amidst the busy questions of thirty thirsty minds. A teacher who does not enjoy reading teaches this lack of enjoyment far more successfully than he can ever teach the rudimentary reading skills a young child requires.

The child learns many things quickly and permanently. Throughout childhood he is learning to be at home in this world, learning to read its signs and portents, learning its firm, unshifting names and the volatile, shifting symbols, learning to listen and to know and to understand, learning to act less on impulse and more with purpose. And of course it is true that he begins to learn all this at home.

WHATEVER the quality of these home-experiences may be, we ask the schools to take up these beginnings and carry them on toward those necessary goals we have set for education. The good teacher must be a person with a profound love of a subject, born of the fulness of familiarity. He must have an excellent operational understanding of basic educational principles, not the mere word-shadows of professional jargon. The teacher must have a love of people in general, and of children in particular, must have the ability to awaken and to maintain the interest of students and to direct those interests toward successful experiences. Above all, the teacher must be able to foster wonder.

This is the kind of teacher our society needs. The kind of teaching that teacher is capable of is an acquired skill. Such teachers are born in classrooms. The skill they must have can be learned by anyone with adequate intelligence who is willing to accept the hazards and the dangers of acting upon clearly accepted responsibilities.

Let the cowards and the dullards find safety in the tenure trap! The true teacher joyfully accepts the call of strange tomorrows, finds security and immortality in the healthy, happy, and intelligent citizens he has helped to shape. —FRANK G. JENNINGS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MILLER TO LINCOLN

IN "THE LAUGHING LINCOLN" (*SR* Feb. 8), Richard Hanser mentions Lincoln's reading of "Joe Miller's Jest Book" (called in its first edition, "Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wits Vade-Macum," and originally published in 1739 in London). Many of the stories he told are "switches" of jokes which appear in Miller.

For instance, during the War, Lincoln had occasion to watch schoolchildren parading in front of the White House, and immediately afterwards told a group, including Chittenden, Register of the Treasury, a yarn about Daniel Webster, as a schoolboy, being called up by the teacher to have his hand struck by a ruler. En route to receive his punishment Daniel, since his hands were very dirty, spit on his *right* hand, cleaned it partially by rubbing it against his pants leg, and held it out to receive punishment. The scandalized teacher said, "Daniel, if you find another hand in this classroom dirtier than this one, I'll let you off this time." Instantly, Webster stuck out his *left* hand and said, "Here it is, sir." In the 1845 edition of Miller (there were many editions) the story appears in this form: "Dr. Wall at a public dinner was playing with a cork upon the table. 'What a dirty hand Dr. Wall has,' said Mr. E. 'I'll bet a bottle there is a dirtier in company,' said the doctor, who had overheard. 'Done,' said E. upon which Wall produced the other hand, and won the wager."

It is also of interest to discover that many stories accepted by the public, and indeed by some Lincoln authorities, as authentic, are apocryphal. The Grant whiskey story, for instance, in which Lincoln, replying to a complaint about Grant's overindulgence in whiskey, is supposed to have said, "Find out the brand, so I can send it to some of my other generals." Lincoln himself denied he had ever told this story in the hearing of one of his telegraphers, David Homer Bates, and said that the original of the yarn was George II's remark after he had been told that General Wolfe was mad: "I wish he'd bite some of my other generals." The Wolfe story appears in Joe Miller and Lincoln was therefore quite familiar with it.

MORT REIS LEWIS,
President, Civil War Round Table of Southern California.
Los Angeles, Calif.

PLEA FROM HENRY MILLER

GEORGE DIBBERN, author of "Quest" (W. W. Norton, 1941), a book which was a challenge and an inspiration to thousands of readers, was shipwrecked around Christmas time off the coast of New Zealand. He had set sail from Hobart, Tasmania, with the intention of joining his wife and daughter in Auckland. Six days out he ran into "a freak sea," lost both masts, sails, dinghy, and all supplies. The motor also gave out and he drifted about for a week before he was able to beach the boat off Greymouth, New Zealand. His boat, which was severely damaged, was the same *Te Rapunga*, a thirty-two foot yawl, in which he had sailed from the Kiel Canal in the late Thirties to search for a new way of life.

Dibbern is now at the Union Hotel, Greymouth, New Zealand, where he is working as a handyman. He writes: "The people I work for are good to me. I have long hours—6:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. —cleaning the bar, toilets, floors, peeling spuds, washing up, etc. As I get board and room, I can save my wages and in a year I should have saved enough to make the necessary repairs to the boat."

At sixty-nine that speaks of courage and faith.

Those who remember his book and wish to aid may either send funds direct —any amount will be appreciated—or mail checks to Emil White, Big Sur, California, who is raising funds to help George Dibbern.

HENRY MILLER.
Big Sur, Calif.

"After I found the *Reader's Digest* lucky penny in my mailbox, the breaks started coming thick and fast."

SLAVE'S SERVANT

THIS ATOMIC AGE demands that whole populations defend themselves against the possible action of one man—a man, who, armed with nuclear weapons, has at his fingertips the destruction of a city. This man may be an enemy, dedicated to our defeat. Or this man may be a friend—one of our own—and only humanly subject to error and accident. Man has become a servant to his slave.

KEN SMITH.
Bloomfield, N. J.

IDEOLOGICAL DEFEAT?

WHY HASN'T SOMEONE noticed that the ideological war is over? The Communists have won hands down, without a missile being launched in anger. Their aim has always been to convert mankind to scientific materialism. To achieve this, they have not had to fight a nuclear war but merely to fly a mechanical kite.

ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON.
Selsey, Sussex, England.

HELP WANTED

I AM LAMENTABLY mixed up over recent rapid developments. What I would like to know is this: If an anti-anti-Communist should perfect an anti-nuclear anti-missile missile, would no anti-peace-loving aggressor then be able to prevent an anti-preventive war? If so what would be the fall-out per capita?

ELLIS O. JONES.
Washington, D. C.

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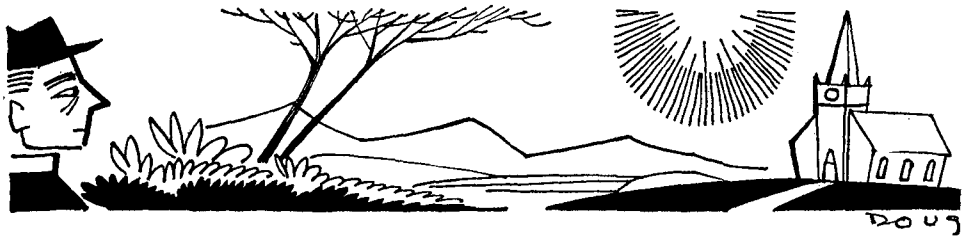
RELIGION IN A NUCLEAR WORLD

Man's views, like atoms, are composed mainly of emptiness filled in fitfully by the workings of his mind. This is as true of his ideas of the gods as of the Universe. In only a few thousand years his views of man-sized gods whispering from totem-poles and oak trees have given way to a Cosmic Creator revealed in galaxy and gamma-ray, from the view of a local, jealous deity dealing with Moses to a faithful Father of All Mankind. As our ideas of the world widen into outer space and inner complexities, the mystery of man's personal relations to God deepens. Moderns are not the first men to wonder about the kind of interest that the Creator of All Things can take in one individual, but Creation has never appeared so ineffable, nor man so mean, as in our twentieth century. Nevertheless, the Judaeo-Christian tradition insists that God is Personal; it is difficult for man to love a Force; and the Personality of God becomes a central religious problem of our day. This issue of SR, *our survey of the year's religious books, was prepared under the guest-editorship of Dr. Glenn Olds, director of United Religious Work, Cornell University, and president-elect of Springfield College, Springfield, Massachusetts.*



LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER

By FREDERICK K. STAMM, *a Congregational minister for many years, from whose forthcoming book "So You Want to Preach" (Abingdon, $2) this article is adapted.*

I DO NOT know what took you into the ministry, but whatever it was, here you are—a minister. It is the day to which you have looked forward. You are a bit awestruck with it all. You have your diploma, you have been ordained, and you are set as the minister of a church. Your heart rejoices, and your church is proud of its young minister.

You are familiar with the world's tensions. Jet planes, guided missiles, satellites, atom bombs, hydrogen bombs, cobalt bombs are familiar words in your vocabulary. Whether, as our government has told us, a "clean" bomb will ever be perfected, it is no secret that if nuclear weapons are unleashed by the nations we will have a dirty war, the dirtiest ever. What the future holds, no one is brash enough to predict. But whether God will find another way out depends, I think, largely upon the present-day generation of preachers.

But you will have to hurry. Only two major problems confront the world—Human Brotherhood and War and Peace. They are like one hand washing the other. If you clean one you clean the other. If you know the mind of Jesus it is simple to discover that it was these two problems that concerned him. Read again the account of his Temptation in the Wilderness, the Sermon on the Mount, and most any one of his great Parables. They were the concern of Jefferson and Lincoln and a host of like-minded thinkers ever since the dawn of civilization. It has been the disciplined and consecrated hearts and minds of great men and women that have pointed the path down which the world can walk toward the City of God. So, just now with the instruments of self-destruction in men's hands for the first time in history, in the language of Christopher Fry in "A Sleep of Prisoners,"

> Thank God our time is now when wrong
> Comes up to face us everywhere,
> Never to leave us till we take
> The longest stride of soul men ever took.
> Affairs are now soul size.
>
> Good is itself, whatever comes.
> It grows and works, and bravely
> Persuades, beyond all tilt of wrong;
> Stronger than anger, wiser than strategy,
> Enough to subdue cities and men
> If we believe it with a long courage of truth.

I trust, however, that you are not going out to preach with the idea that you must present an argument in behalf of Christlikeness. The religion you declare is not a debate, but a life. The old mystics did not argue; they let in the Light. To them religion is a tie that binds God and man together where "spirit with spirit can meet." George Fox said that though he read much about God and Jesus, he knew Them only when he had a soul like Theirs. To know the truth we ourselves must become truth; it must first be lived, and out of a luminous

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—From "The Bible: Designed to be Read as Literature" (Philip C. Duschnes).

"Christ Mocked" by Van Dyck.

life must come luminous thinking. What a challenge!

Will you be surprised if I tell you that I like the word *Evangel*, but am not so fond of the word *Evangelistic*? Both words stem from the same root, but Evangel retains its pristine beauty —the Good News of God—while Evangelistic has fallen from its high estate. Evangelistic smacks so much of high-pressure salesmanship, stage-setting, hustling committees, a highly trained and efficiently conditioned organization—all for the purpose of focusing attention on the evangelist; and it doesn't make much difference who the evangelist is, just so he talks about God and salvation in a way that hypnotizes people into believing that he has been taken into the secret counsels of God and knows the last word about religion.

It has likewise fallen into bad company with the ecclesiastical promotional committees. Literature of a various sort rolls off the presses in ever-increasing volume to the minister's study. "This is the year," it tells the minister, "for the greatest advance in membership in the history of the church. Organize your laymen for a great drive. Get behind the Great Crusade. More people than ever are looking toward the church. Put on a great church-going campaign. Invite the stranger and have a handshaking committee in the narthex of the church every Sunday morning. Get the visitor to sign on the dotted line. The church must let the world know that it is alive. If everybody pitches in the year's statistics will show the largest gain ever, more money will have rolled in to build more churches, and the missionary cause will be advanced. We will all have a jolly good time together, and when the last nose has been counted we will praise God with grateful hearts, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

You, young man, will be caught in this wave of evangelism. You are young, eager, enthusiastic. You are part of the church. You don't want to appear reactionary. You don't want to be an obstructionist. The church has work to do, and you have been called into its ministry. Your hopes are high and your heart leaps for joy as you take your place among those who laid their hands on your head a little while ago.

I hope the years will always find you in pursuit of your deepest and most precious desires. And you will, if you bear about with you the Good News of God, if you understand that the way to the Kingdom of God is through the narrow gate of the human heart. Timeservers, go-getters, and opportunists, successful as they may seem to be, are sickly pale alongside the preacher who would be an Evangel.

It all turns around this: How much do you like people, not for what they can do for you by way of making you a success, but just because they are people? It will be a great day in your life, although you may not know it until years later, if ever a lad or a lass, a young man or woman, a few persons, a dozen of them, or maybe fifty; some skeptic, someone who finds it hard to believe in God; some storm-tossed soul out of whose life has gone all the music; some man or woman, groping, searching for a religon that satisfies both mind and heart, discovers their own inner sanctuary, just because out of your heart and in your countenance has shone the light of the kind of God that satisfies the deepest instincts of the human soul.

Entering the chancel on the first day of a week's noonday Lenten preaching in a downtown church in Detroit, my eye fell on a little plaque with a saying inscribed on it, not by a Christian, but by the Hindu poet and philosopher, Tagore. It read, "When you took your leave I found God's footprints on my floor." *You took your leave*—from where? From the home where you just now called; from the bank where you had dealings with the teller, the store where you made a purchase, the elevator where you rode with a colored operator, the card table where you sat and played with three other people—strangers perhaps—who will never come to hear you preach. They are like ships passing in the night, only to go on and never to be seen again. What kind of footprints do you leave? Footprints of forbidding ecclesiasticism? Of arrogance? Of controversy? Or footprints of love, courtesy, humility, and radiant personality? You don't live your life in a vacuum. Either you make religion an absurdity from which people will turn away, or the compulsive power of a new affection.

If I could start my ministry all over again alongside of you, and could reach out over forty-seven years to the place where I am now, I think I would ask myself, "How many people will see God in me, or as Tolstoy said of Abraham Lincoln, 'a Christ in miniature?' " and I wouldn't care whether they could give a definition of God or not, or write a creedal statement, or pass a successful examination on a long list of churchly doctrines. Whatever you may hold about the church, it does not seem to have entered into the hope of Jesus for the world. He did not organize a ministry. He did not think in terms of a hierarchy or a church. He did not ordain sacraments. These things came later, and it was inevitable that they should come. When people are of a certain mind and heart they get together in groups for a common cause. Little or nothing can be done with ecstasies until we organize them. But that does not mean that the ecstasy itself postulates any specific organization. Jesus brought an ecstasy about God into the world, leaving it to his followers to organize.

BETTER guard your judgment, my dear young preacher, all through your ministry, lest the non-church-going man you judge so harshly and who does not conform to your churchly beliefs, turns out to be a better man than yourself. I imagine Judas, after he kissed his Lord in the garden, remembered, not so much the Supper in the Upper Room, but the splashing of the water in the basin at the hand of the Man who stopped there and forgave the darkness of his mind. How many times in my ministry have I wished that people who considered it a sin to absent themselves from the Communion would look again at the picture of the heartbroken Jesus washing the feet of the man who helped to break it! A humble Jesus teaching me forgiveness of my worst enemy from that Upper Room is as significant as the observance of the Lord's Supper.

I can't stop to relate all the demands that will be made upon your ministry. But of one thing you may be certain: when Sunday morning comes you will be expected to preach. If you have not been told before, you ought to know

(*Continued on page* 39)

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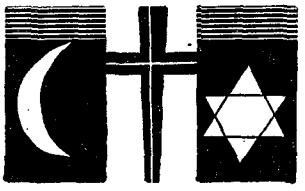

2,000 Years of Christianity And 3,500 Years of Judaism Swimming in the Billions of Years, and the Poignant Seconds, of Creation

History and Eternity

By ROGER L. SHINN, *professor of theology and ethics, Vanderbilt University.*

A NEGRO spiritual raises the question: "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" To that poignant query human experience has produced three answers:

1. Most people today, whether influenced by learned process-philosophies or simply by the pace of life, are likely to answer, "Of course not. The crucifixion was long ago. This is the twentieth century."

2. Most classical philosophies reply, "No. Deity is eternal, immune to the shocks and decay of time. No true Lord can be crucified."

3. The spiritual answers, "Sometimes it causes me to tremble." For the old song, though innocent of scholarly philosophy, conveys the historic Christian belief that the Eternal does enter into human life and that whatever Eternity does is contemporary to all men.

Through the centuries since New Testament times Christians have expressed this motif—in lyric words of worship or the abstruse terminology of technical theology—with many variations. In times of trouble men reflect more than usual about their history. As St. Augustine responded to fifth-century threats to Rome with his mighty "City of God," so Christians of this insecure generation have rethought their conceptions of history and eternity. Several notable works, startling in diversity, yet akin in many ways, have appeared in recent months.

Rudolf Bultmann's Gifford Lectures for 1955 are now in print under the title **"The Presence of Eternity: History and Eschatology"** (Harper, $3). The distinguished Marburg scholar is quite possibly the most controversial Christian theologian in the world just now. After a famous career in New Testament research, he has turned to a far-reaching reinterpretation of Christianity in terms of the existentialism of Heidegger.

At first glance, the effort may look impossible. Although Heidegger is probably not the atheist he is often taken to be, he is certainly no orthodox Christian. Bultmann's effort, therefore, is bold enough to stir up a major commotion on two continents.

Bultmann's critics can readily say that in every generation some Christian thinkers start a flirtation with the prevailing philosophy of the time. Thus the same impulse which produced Platonic, Aristotelian, and Hegelian forms of Christian thought is bound to do what it can today with the fad of existentialism. But that brushes Bultmann off too easily. For his mode of thought, however radically it departs from orthodoxy, often lets the New Testament speak with vitality. And existentialism is not completely foreign to the Bible. After all, Kierkegaard drew a great deal of his thought from Scripture. If Heidegger has de-Christianized Kierkegaard, perhaps Bultmann can Christianize Heidegger. It is at least possible that existentialism can sometimes free an authentic Biblical message from conventional camouflages.

The typical philosophy of history, says Bultmann, uses a futile method. It attempts to survey all history in the hope of finding some comprehensive interpretation. The trouble is that the historian is not an observer, able to evaluate all that happens and foresee its outcome. He is a participant in history, who does not know what will happen next.

The historian or philosopher had better start by understanding his own historicity. That is, he should realize how his own history makes him what he is, how he becomes himself in his acts, how events demand of him responsible decisions. The meaning of history for any human being, then, lies always in the present. Jesus Christ is the act of the eternal God, an act which ever again becomes present for faith.

Can anyone verify this Christian faith? Certainly not by trying to survey history objectively to show that Christianity is true. Certainly not by recording the achievements of this religion in the obvious history of mankind. The only verification is more personal. The Christian message is verified for the person who in faith becomes his "genuine self."

From Bultmann to Arnold Toynbee is a gigantic leap. Where Bultmann seeks the meaning of history in the intensity of the moment of decision, Toynbee prefers the long perspective. He delights in reminding us that on the time-scale of human history Christianity and even the most ancient pre-Christian civilizations are very recent. Yet Toynbee is, by his own account, something of a mystic. It is the mixture of empiricism and mysticism in his writings which is so disconcerting to many readers. Since the completion of the ten-volume "A Study of History," scholars have delivered some hard blows at Toynbee. But the famous historian continues to write with equanimity.

"Christianity Among the Religions of the World" (Scribners, $2.75) is the shortest and clearest of Toynbee's books. Avoiding his characteristic footnotes and digressions, he spins out his argument in lucid and enjoyable prose.

The thesis itself echoes Toynbee's earlier writings. The religions of man-

—*From "The Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).*

Tiepolo's "The Holy Family."

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—From "The Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).

"John and Peter," by Raphael.

kind fall into three kinds. Group I, which includes the many forms of nature-worship, is no longer a live option; technology has changed nature from man's god to man's slave. Group II, the worship of collective human power, is the major form of religion today, whether in the religion of the totalitarian state or the worship of secular human welfare. Against it, in Group III, stand all the higher religions, which agree in "the conviction that Man is not the greatest spiritual presence in the Universe, but that there is a greater presence—God or absolute reality—and that the true end of Man is to place himself in harmony with this."

All the disagreements among the higher religions, says Toynbee, are minor compared with the great agreement. And in the crisis of our time that agreement has urgent importance. Hence these religions, without amalgamating into some synthetic faith, should recognize each other as different ways to truth. Christianity, then, should keep its message of divine love, but should give up its fanaticism and its claims to uniqueness.

Christians will do well to listen to Toynbee's exposure of their sins, however painful his message may be. But they have a right to ask Toynbee to define fanaticism more carefully. Belief in a higher spiritual presence than Man is, to Toynbee, "worth fighting for." That fight apparently is not fanaticism. Why, then, is it fanatical for the Jew and Christian to insist on the profound meaning of individuality, as opposed to religions which would dissolve selfhood into a mystical blur?

The uniqueness of Christianity (and, in a different way, the uniqueness of Judaism) lies precisely in its way of relating eternity to history. The Biblical religions find Eternity active in time, as the great Eastern religions do not. That the Eternal God, Creator of heaven and earth, should enter into men's history for their salvation is a startling notion. Anyone who wants to has a right to call it foolishness. The New Testament itself says a great deal about this "foolishness of God." But to deny the uniqueness of this faith is not intellectually cogent.

Differences between religions, even profound differences, are no excuse for ill will. But only a shallow good will has to pretend to agreement which does not exist.

Two Roman Catholic thinkers who have earned wide respect outside their own Church are Jacques Maritain and Christopher Dawson. Both are laymen, the former a philosopher and the latter an historian.

Maritain's newest book, **"On the Philosophy of History"** (Scribners, $3.50), is his revision of the tape-recordings of lectures given at Notre Dame University. Despite frequent resort to a technical vocabulary and a somewhat abstruse metaphysics, Maritain makes many a page sparkle with vivid ideas.

The numerous historians who scorn philosophy of history are half right, Maritain grants. For most philosophies of history (including those from Hegel, Marx, and Comte) "pretend to be rational disciplines" but are really messages "of some messianic revelation." If we are in fact concerned with salvation and revelation, Maritain proposes, we had better know what we are about. And we had better not confuse time with eternity.

"Time," writes Maritain, "is not simply a garbage can in which practical men would have to pick up more or less profitable opportunities. Time has a meaning and a direction." With the existentialists Maritain shows that man is frightened by time, by his own temporality, by the unpredictable future. Hence many religions seek to flee time. The "acceptance of time and of history was a conquest of Christianity and modern times."

Yet time is not, as Shelley hoped, "the redeemer." Only God redeems. And His kingdom, beyond time and history, makes all human achievements tentative. History becomes a dynamic quest for goals which always remain beyond it.

Although Christopher Dawson rarely disagrees with Maritain, his orientation is less to metaphysics and more to sociology and the study of human cultures. Some of the rich writings of the thirty-five years of literary effort are gathered by John J. Mulloy in **"The Dynamics of World History"** (Sheed & Ward, $6). Parts of this volume come from well-known earlier books of Dawson, but many of the chapters are from periodicals which the general reader is less likely to see. Almost uniquely among Roman Catholic writers, Dawson is occasionally willing to challenge the concepts of Thomas Aquinas, to offer a twentieth-century interpretation of Augustine's "City of God."

With orthodox Catholicism, Dawson sees the Church as an organic, divine society in history. But the Church's victory, he says, is the cross. Only by faith can men see past the obvious defeats and frustrations of history to the divinely given meaning.

ONE of the great intellectual works of our generation is likely to be Eric Voegelin's massive "Order and History." After achieving fame in Europe and America as a political scientist, this amazing scholar has turned his attention to a grand study of Western culture and the symbols by which men relate their social orders to the cosmic order which impinges on them.

The ancient Near Eastern imperialisms, he reports, interpreted their existence in terms of cosmological myth. They derived their important symbols from the rhythms of the heavens and the seasons. But with the disintegration of the great empires came a "breakthrough" into new sets of symbols. This advance took two forms. Voegelin's first volume, **"Israel and Revelation"** (Louisiana State University Press, $7.50), describes the Hebrew interpretation of "existence in historical form." Volumes II and III describe the development of Greek philosophy, which interprets existence in "love of the unseen measure of all being." Vol. II is called **"The World of the Polis"** ($6), and Vol. III is **"Plato and Aristotle"** ($6). Three more volumes will follow Voegelin's theme through history.

Voegelin's books are not written for relaxation by the fireside, but they are a masterful combination of scientific scholarship with theological and poetic insight. They may be the most impressive of the many current books which relate man's historical living to his glimpses of eternity.

All the volumes here mentioned show the possibility of finding new life in a traditional heritage, when that heritage confronts the knowledge of modern social sciences and the crises in which men live today.

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Democracy of Faith

***"The Religions of Man," by Huston Smith** (Harper. 328 pp. $5), offers the substance of the author's work in comparative religion as a lecturer at Washington University and for a television audience in St. Louis. The reviewer of the book, Gerald Heard, a former BBC broadcaster, is author of "The Human Venture."*

By Gerald Heard

THE history of comparative religion, as a subject for academic study, has followed pretty closely the history of anthropology. This was inevitable. Humanist man awoke somewhere in the last century to the disturbing fact that the world held other cultures—not hearts that were hungry for the gospel of the West, or empty heads waiting to be filled with its scientific knowledge, or lazy hands that could be put to work, or empty stomachs that could be fed by our surplus and so be made into a consumer market. There were in the world cultures that owed nothing to Greece or Rome. India and China first made a breach in the West's complacency. Japan and Tibet followed, with Africa and Indonesia hard on their heels.

The first sign that our culture might respect and not merely collect other cultures came through esthetics. "Cult objects," collected for their oddity, were found to be examples of "significant form." But significant of what?

Alas, the awkward word had to be mentioned—Religion. These things were not *objets d'art*. They were links in the mesh of a culture. They were these peoples' couplings and hyphens between the evident incoherence and the invisible pattern. Hence, if other cultures were to be understood you must know the story of how these currents form, cohere, bind into a weave and precipitate art. These currents are "Religio." Comparative religion therefore followed anthropology.

The missionary, having to answer the native's case in order to convert him, reported enough to rouse the humanist's curiosity. The collectors of cultures naturally reacted violently against the "converters of souls." The more fantastic the pattern the more you should preserve it. It was the aberrant that was interesting, they said. And besides, to find meaning was always the sign of a vulgar mind.

However, these two human passions, though polar, are always in play. Pure curiosity is attracted by the odd. But inevitably curiosity gives rise to hypotheses, data to theory. The odd is made even by the equation.

Nevertheless, the anthropologist, when he was asked to lecture on comparative religion because he was detached and had no axe to grind, did have acid in his pocket. He made sad fun of the native, just as much as the missionary did in his way. The anthropologist's double delight was to show the absurdities of religion—abroad and at home. With one stroke he could establish his intellectual superiority by indicating his capacity to take sustained interest in nonsense while his general discrediting of significance also hit back at the missionary's message.

Hence, lectures on comparative religion seldom attracted more than minimal audiences. Now, however, such masters as the late Ralph Linton have changed the scene. Actually initiated into the tribes they studied, these learned teachers attained twofold vision. "The Religions of Man" could not have been written but for these great bridge builders.

Dr. Huston Smith, the son of two missionaries, started with the advantage of spending his first seventeen years in China. Through his university training he retained his interest in Western religion and became both a professor of philosophy and a Methodist minister. His lectures on comparative religion awoke such a response among his many students at Washington University that subsequently he was invited to try an experimental television program on this same subject for lay adults in St. Louis. His success in this medium was even greater than it had been in the classroom.

This book is the substance of Dr. Smith's work in the vital field of comparative religion. He has taken the seven big religions that still compete for man's soul. He seeks, he tells us, for "the meaning these religions carry for the lives of their adherents." "The Religions of Man" may be, as its publishers claim, the first book to make this search, "the first book to interpret how the great religious traditions answer the spiritual aspirations of the different peoples of the world." Certainly it is the first such written by a Methodist minister. It is one more symptom of how fast our age moves—and one which, for a change, is not threatening—that this new look at religion is now not only possible but in demand.

Dr. Smith strives to present each religion so that a learned adherent would approve the description. Any criticism he denies himself. He lays aside even that "sort of objectivity which, while it may depict, never truly understands." This is necessary. Both the public he addresses and the adherents he would explain would not desire it or cooperate with such an effort. Naturally, the effect is that of a fine-line drawing, a likeness with no shadows, accurate and still.

Ramakrishna—whom Vivekananda used, as Paul used Christ, to make a new cult out of an old religion—felt that the only way you could truly understand other religions was by actually practising each of them yourself. So he practised Islam and Christianity but did not join these communions. Ramakrishna's conclusion was that these two great religions did lead to the same "realization."

This book would not advocate or aid such an anthropological solution—that a student of religion must become "naturalized" into each cult if he would really estimate it. But "The Religions of Man" should help forward even that as an ultimate aim of those who would understand.

The book's immediate value, and it should be great, will be as a manual for school and university teachers. It will help them to help their students toward a real tolerance of the pararational convictions of others. Its proximate importance is rightly stressed to be its aid in helping all adult Americans in present worldwide ideological confusion. We must make contact with "foreigners," who are often as passionately religious as they are economically helpless and politically important. We can avoid giving disastrous offense, as we often have, if we appreciate what a faith may mean to a people undistracted by our beliefs in progress, wealth, and material destiny. A book that has three such important uses—an immediate, a proximate, and an ultimate—is itself an event of importance.

—From "The Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).

From Poussin's "Judgment of Solomon."

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II. THE MINISTRY

How to Be the Community's Conscience, Caretaker of the Word of God, the Reminder of Life's Possibilities, and yet Only a Man

The Teacher: Lay . . .

"The Church School," by Paul H. Vieth *(Christian Education Press, Phila. 279 pp. $3.50), though aimed primarily at the superintendent, is of interest to anyone responsible for the parochial school. Randolph Crump Miller, who reviews it, is on the faculty of the Yale Divinity School.*

By Randolph Crump Miller

PAUL VIETH presents in this clearly written book the information needed to run a church school. His own background as research director, consultant, professor, and author makes him particularly suited for this task, and it comes off remarkably well. It is aimed primarily at the church school superintendent, but it speaks also to the needs of pastors, those responsible for departments, committee members, and teachers.

Conducting a church school, as Dr. Vieth well knows, is an enormous job. Often it is well done, but sometimes it is poorly accomplished. In order to answer the many questions asked by those concerned with the task, the author has dealt with both theory and practice, so that the reader can discover the reason for what needs to be done. The educational program is the work of the entire congregation, of which the church school is an integral part. Good organization is essential, and this is outlined in sufficient detail to make possible effective administration. The key to this is a committee on Christian education which represents the whole congregation and which is the right size for efficient work. It has the power to transact any necessary business, and its functions are outlined. Following this, the duties of various officers and teachers are listed.

When it is clear what responsibilities people have, the administration of the curriculum is likely to be more purposeful and effective. Chapters follow on worship, improving teaching, awards and discipline, the relation of the church school to the home, the enlistment of workers, leadership training, rooms and equipment, records and schedules, and finances. A valuable appendix lists 250 questions which may be discussed on the basis of the material in this book. This book should be given to anyone who has responsibility for the educational work of a congregation.

. . . and Professional

"Rabbi in America," by Israel Knox *(Little, Brown. 168 pp. $3.50), is the biography of Israel M. Wise, the founder of Reform Judaism in America. Philip S. Bernstein, who reviews it, wrote "What the Jews Believe."*

By Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein

IN 1815 Metternich, Talleyrand, and Castlereagh dusted off the kings whom Napoleon had toppled, and hoisted them back on their thrones. Reaction ruled again.

The Jews, for the first time in centuries, had tasted freedom when the emperor's grenadiers and the revolutionary ideas of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity broke through the ghetto walls. They had come into the sunlight of an emancipated Europe. They swiftly adapted themselves to new ideas, new institutions, new mores.

Then darkness returned. What should they do? Many chose emigration as the way out. This led, in the 1840s, to the second wave of Jewish immigrants to the United States. The first, a small group, had come in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They founded the historic synagogue in Newport and the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in New York. The second migration stemmed chiefly from central Europe. They sought freedom and economic opportunity in a new land, where they soon felt at home. As Israel Knox says about Isaac M. Wise, one of the most influential newcomers, "Later he was sure that even as a young man in Europe he had been an American by sympathy and inclination, by the very mode of his thinking and the nature of his outlook on the problems of the day."

This young man was miserable in Bohemia, where Jews had even been denied permission to marry. But in America he found a pioneering atmosphere hospitable to his liberal ideas. After some early struggles, including a public row with the president of his synagogue in Albany, Wise settled in Cincinnati, where he remained until his death in 1900. There he organized American Reform Judaism, and built its principal institutions, the Hebrew Union College, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. American conditions were conducive to the growth of this religious liberalism, which failed to make headway in Europe. The Reform Jews became the most influential Jews in America, and, as they established their position economically and socially they integrated themselves into the American scene. In time they came to regard America as their Zion. They revised and attenuated the traditional practices and historic tenets of Judaism until they were in danger of disappearance. Then, influenced chiefly by another Wise, Stephen S. (no relation), the trend was reversed. Liberal Judaism was re-immersed in the historic stream of Jewish life.

This biography of the earlier Wise rightly belongs in the Library of American Biography edited by Oscar Handlin. The Reform Jews whom Isaac M. Wise led played a significant role in America's development. They established the clothing industry; they founded great mercantile establishments; they produced jurists and savants, scientists and statesmen, civic leaders and reformers. The history of Cincinnati, for example, would be unrecognizable without the Jews who followed Rabbi Wise. He established liberal Judaism here; he helped Jews adapt themselves to American life; he contributed to the development of American liberal thought. The story of Wise's life is told clearly and interestingly by Israel Knox in "Rabbi in America."

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III. MEDITATION

Criticizing the Texts, Collating the Footnotes, Diagramming Languages Thousands of Years Dead: What Is It But "Faith Seeking Understanding"?

Theology for the Layman

By ROBERT McAFEE BROWN,
Professor of Philosophy of Religion, Union Theological Seminary.

WHEN The Westminster Press first began issuing a series of books called The Layman's Theological Library, there were objections from certain quarters that the title represented a contradiction in terms. It was felt that the word "layman" and the word "theology" canceled one another out. Theology, it was argued, was the province of the "specialist," the theologian, the man who could get excited about angels dancing on pinheads, or iota subscripts changing the course of Christian history. The layman, it was further argued, couldn't care less about theology. To be sure, he was interested in the simple teachings of Jesus, and the social message of the prophets. But theology? Don't burden the layman, the argument concluded, with subtleties beyond his concern or his comprehension.

That this objection represents a misunderstanding—and a drastic misunderstanding—of both words, should be evident to anyone who will examine the matter even for a moment. We need not define theology in sophisticated or specialist terms in order to make the point. We may simply say that theology represents the attempt of the believer to *love God with his mind*, as well as with his heart and soul and strength. To love God with the mind is not the sole concern of the believer, to be sure. But, by the same token, it is not enough simply to love God with the heart, although a lot of recent sentimental religious literature apparently seeks to belie such a statement. Therefore, the individual who feels in some way touched by the reality of God's presence, has placed upon him the obligation to think through as honestly and as rigorously as possible what this impingement of God upon his life really means.

For this reason a second fairly pedestrian definition of theology (although hallowed by centuries of tradition) is useful—a description of the task of theology as "faith seeking understanding." This phrase was used by Anselm in the eleventh century, and is implicit in formulations of Augustine in the fourth century, who got it from Jerome's Vulgate, where it is found in the pre-Christian writings of Isaiah. From an early date, in other words, it has been insisted that it is not enough for the Christian (or the Church) simply to "have faith," or even to possess a commodity described, often nostalgically, as "simple faith." Whatever degree of faith, of commitment to God, the individual or the Church possesses must be subjected to rigorous scrutiny. The affirmations of faith must be open to examination and cross-examination. Where this privilege has been denied, faith has petrified into rigid and sterile orthodoxy. When the privilege has been claimed as a right and indeed an obligation, faith has been fresh and creative.

All of this should indicate why, particularly to the Protestant, theology and the layman cannot be divorced. Because if theology is the attempt to love God with the mind, if it is faith seeking understanding, then this is clearly not a task which can be relegated to the experts alone, since we all have minds and we all seek to understand. This is the obligation placed upon every believer who does not choose merely to remain mute. For the moment he begins to talk or even to reflect to himself about his faith, he has become for better or for worse a theologian. His option is never "Shall I be a theologian or not?" His option is only "Will I be a good theologian or a bad theologian?" And while he can (let us hope) derive some real help from the "experts," he cannot rely solely upon them, which is to say only that he cannot finally have his faith second-hand. What they assert must be something that he too can assert as having meaning *for him*, and this he can only do if he has wrestled, really wrestled, in his very inmost being, with the meaning of his life, and more importantly the meaning of his life before God.

So there is no anomaly in referring to a "Layman's Theological Library." There is an inextricable connection between the two.

Recently churchmen and even theologians have become aware of this situation, and have realized that the theologians have been largely (and wrongly) content to write simply for one another, experts writing for experts. This means that the layman who is venturesome enough to expose himself to current theological thinking is likely to find his initial suspicion of the irrelevance of theology confirmed, for when he turns to the professional theologians he finds them talking a strange language, and he wonders what such language has to do with mature faith, let alone "simple" faith.

IF the theologians are responsible for this hiatus between their concerns and the concerns of the laymen, it is clearly part of the theologians' responsibility to bridge the gap, and there are some encouraging signs that this is beginning to happen. Several lessons emerge from these attempts which are worth pointing out here:

1. It is clear that there is no such static creature as "the intelligent layman" to whom most religious writing

—From "The Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).

Domenichino's "Finding of Moses."

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these days claims to be addressed (see innumerable prefaces and dust jackets). The levels of intelligence are various; what is one man's theological meat is clearly another man's spiritual poison. A book which is a "clincher" for one person seeking a faith will leave another reader cold.

2. The search for intelligibility and communicability must not be pressed to the point where the *content* of what is being communicated gets distorted. The layman's justifiable plea to "keep things simple" is also a dangerous request. If a book on religion leaves him with no more questions, he has probably grasped something which is at a far remove from authentic faith. The doctrine of the Trinity, for example, is not "simple," and the problem of the writer is not just to strip away some fourth-century terminology so that the Trinity will be "easy to understand," but to show why a mystery has meaning even when it remains a mystery. And the difficulty with much of the "popular" religious writing of the day —the kind that makes the best-seller lists—is that it has provided a "simple" and "understandable" faith, all right, but hardly a faith that makes any difference, or is worth believing, or really grapples with the deepest issues of human life and destiny.

3. It is almost impossible to talk about the Christian faith, at any rate, without the use of some "traditional" terminology. (Paul Tillich comes the closest to succeeding here, but there is only one of him to go around.) This poses an almost insuperable barrier to modern readers, who want things explained in psychiatric terms, or sociological terms, but who are immediately put off by theological terms. Any theologian writing for laymen may fruitfully draw upon psychiatry or sociology to illumine what he is trying to talk about, but the layman must be willing to admit as one of the ground rules of the game that the kind of language peculiar to theological discussion also be allowed. The old terms need new definitions, to be sure, and perhaps some of them have had their day and can be forgotten, but there are some "theological words" with such rich associations and meanings that there is no adequate "secular" substitute, and a contemporary man should be willing to explore such words with some thoroughness before he arbitrarily discards them as not more than relics of an outworn past.

The layman, then, while he has a right to demand that the theologian speak to the layman in the world where the layman actually lives, must also have the openness to let

—From "The Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).

"Christ Walking on the Waters" by Magnasco.

the theologian describe what may be a new world for the layman. And if the layman can have this openness, he may discover that the new world, which he has long resisted, is the world to which, in the deepest sense, he truly belongs.

AMONG some of the recent attempts to carry on this task of communicating to laymen, the following series and individual volumes may be suggested:

The Layman's Theological Library, a series of twelve volumes, from Westminster Press, each 96 pp., each $1: "Modern Rivals to Christian Faith," by Cornelius Loew; "The Significance of the Church," by Robert Brown; "The Christian Man," by William Hamilton; "Believing in God," by Daniel Jenkins; "Prayer and Personal Religion," by John Coburn; "Life, Death, and Destiny," by Roger Shinn; "A Faith for the Nations," by Charles Forman; "Making Ethical Decisions," by Howard Kee; "Barriers to Belief," by Norman Langford; "The Meaning of Christ," by Robert Johnson; "The Protestant and Politics" (pub. Sept. 1958), by William Miller; "Understanding the Bible" (pub. Sept. 1958), by Fred Denbeaux.

The Christian Faith Series from Doubleday, with Reinhold Niebuhr as consulting editor, is a "next-step" above in terms of difficulty: "The Renewal of Man," by Alexander Miller ($2.95); "Man's Knowledge of God," by William J. Wolf ($2.95); "Doing the Truth," by James A. Pike ($2.95); "Hardness of Heart," by E. LaB. Cherbonnier ($2.95); "The Strangeness of the Church," by Daniel Jenkins ($2.95); "The Two Cities," by John A. Hutchinson ($3.50); "The Book of the Acts of God," by G. Ernest Wright and Reginald H. Fuller ($4.95).

Association Press has initiated a series of popular paperbacks, selling for 50¢ each, and clearly designed for the lay market. A good many of these are reprints or condensations of earlier books which have already proven their worth. Among these titles are: "The Unfolding Drama of the Bible," by Bernhard Anderson; "A Short Primer for Protestants," by James H. Nichols; "God and the Day's Work," by Robert Calhoun; "What Christianity Says About Sex, Love, and Marriage," by Roland Bainton; "What the Christian Hopes For in Society," by Wayne Cowan; "What Archaeology Says About the Bible," by Albert Williams.

Association Press has also sponsored a series of small hard-cover books, edited by Bishop Stephen Neill, selling for $1.25 each. The series has great variety, and some of the outstanding titles are: "The Christian as Citizen," by John Bennett; "Jesus and His People," by Paul Minear; "The Christian Character," "The Christian's God," by Stephen Neil; "Christianity and Science," by Charles Raven; "Reading the Bible Today," by D. T. Niles.

It is hardly necessary to note that some very good books have begun to make their way into the "sophisticated paperback" set, and many of these, while they may not originally have been written with laymen in mind are the sort of thing which can offer real challenge and excitement to the layman who is ready to have his mind stretched. The Living Age Books of Meridian Books have been particularly noteworthy. A few titles follow: "The Mind of the Maker," by Dorothy Sayers ($1.25); "The Descent of the Dove," by Charles Williams ($1.25); "An Interpretation of Christian Ethics" ($1.25); "The Social Sources of Denominationalism" ($1.35); "The Religious Situation," by Paul Tillich ($1.25).

A good many single volumes are also clearly designed for laymen. The many published works of C. S. Lewis, J. B. Phillips, and Chad Walsh are indicative of an established group of writers who have been of particular help in "communicating" to laymen. Another work which can help to orient the inquiring reader is William Hordern's "A Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology" (Macmillan, $3.50). And the person who wants to make a direct venture into some of the outstanding Protestant theologians themselves can hardly do better than to start with such volumes as Paul Tillich's "The Shaking of the Foundations" (Scribners, $2.95) or Reinhold Niebuhr's "Beyond Tragedy" (Scribners, $3), all of which have been with us long enough to prove their worth.

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The Life of the Spirit

By HENRY E. KOLBE, *Dean of Studies, Garrett Biblical Institute.*

"OF THE making of many books there is no end." So said the "gentle cynic," Koheleth, long ago. And in this day of almost universal—even though vaguely formulated—renewal of interest in religion, it is to be expected that there should appear many books dealing with the practice of religious living—with worship, Bible reading, prayer, and meditation. Men of real religious interest, further, will be concerned about the relationship between their faith and the life they live and the work they do, between the peculiarly religious domain of life and those other areas where most of life is spent.

That the contemporary renewal of interest in religion is not simply the backwash of reaction against the inadequacies of the "liberal Protestantism" of recent decades—a favorite whipping boy for self-appointed and (one often feels) self-anointed spokesmen for all sorts of "neo" groups in theology—is indicated by the range of current books having to do with these specifically religious practices.

Among these are **"Principles of Christian Worship,"** by Raymond Abba (Oxford, $2.75), on the worship of Protestant free churches, and one on Catholic worship, **"The Worship of the Church"** by William O'Shea (Newman Press, $7), together with a collection, **"Prayers of Pope Pius XII"** (Newman Press, $2.50), translated by Martin W. Schoenberg, O.S.C. There are Jewish books, too, suggesting that the currents of renewed religious interest affect synagogue as well as church. Louis Newman's volume of short plays is intended not simply to recall Israel's past but to inculcate devotion to Israel's present and future. Joseph Gaer's arrangement of **"The Jewish Bible for Family Reading"** (Thos. Yoseloff, $5.95) suggests that the feeling of need for readable editions of the Bible is not confined to any religious group or segment of religious society. This edition of what to Christians is the "Old Testament" is based upon the King James version, which the editor calls "still the most beautiful English translation." It is an excellent book for reading with understanding—and without understanding the Bible becomes, for Jew and Christian alike, nothing more nor less than fetish.

Among the "how to" problems confronting the religious layman is that of cultivating the life of the spirit. Here we come upon the area of books of devotion or spiritual meditation. A new edition of **"Lincoln's Devotional"** (Channel Press, $2.75), a daily guide owned and treasured by Abraham Lincoln, while of scant religious significance, is of some historical and literary interest because of its foreword on Lincoln's religious life by Carl Sandburg.

Among more significant books of devotional nature, however, three current volumes are especially worth noting, largely because they are so significantly different from the formalized page-a-day devotional books which appear with the regularity of the calendar. Self-conscious books of devotion, written often, it seems, with an eye on anticipated sales, tend to miss the mark because they substitute means for ends. Their mechanical formalism is antithetical to genuine meditation. Only devotional writings growing out of true devoutness can feed back adequately into the stream of true devotion and piety.

This hallmark of authenticity characterizes **"Letters from a Saint"** (Holt, $2.50), an abridgment and rearrangement of "An Introduction to the Devout Life" of St. Francis de Sales, one of the truly great classics of Christian devotional literature.

ANOTHER book of more than passing significance is a new translation of the fourteenth-century mystical treatise called **"The Cloud of Unknowing"** (Julian Press, $4). The translator, Ira Progoff, in the introduction relates the mystical conception of supra-rational knowing to contemporary psychological approaches to the problem of extrarational knowledge. Thus he suggests a point often overlooked: namely, that many "modern" insights or discoveries are not new but are developments or discoveries of dimensions of the understanding of man known to religious saints and seers long ago. But these were never hucksters writing for the market but always first of all men of deep and devout faith who sought to guide others in the way they had found.

The richest single volume of the current list is perhaps that on **"Late Mediaeval Mysticism,"** edited by Ray Petry (Westminster, $5). This book contains selections of mystical writings of the five centuries from Bernard of Clairvaux to Catherine of Genoa, the period which saw the richest profusion of genuine mystical writings in the history of the church. The original texts are often difficult to secure in good translation, and there is much in them which is now, to use Martin Luther's comment concerning the epistle of James, "right strawy." The present volume is especially noteworthy, therefore, because of the quality of the translations, the aptness of the selections, and the clarity of the introductions.

The modern man, with his emphasis on adjustment as a symbol of spiritual health, may be tempted to call the mystics "sick souls." Some of them, doubtless, may properly be so labeled. Yet, if a tree be known by its fruits, then there were depths of inner health in the great mystics which the rest of us may well seek to find for ourselves. An age which tends to measure religious significance by outward and often quite secular and even materialistic standards may well learn from these great explorers of the soul just what genuine innerness means. We who dwell so much on the surface of life may well journey with them into the deeps of life and see there the marvelous works of God in man.

John Casteel's **"Spiritual Renewal Through Personal Groups"** (Association Press, $3.50) called up in me an initial negative reaction. My experience with cells and other quest groups had led me to be skeptical. The cells had a tendency to become either encysted or cancerous, to wall themselves off from the rest of the "body" or else to destroy the "body." That, I suppose, must always be a danger to be reckoned with, and I am not sure that all the groups described in this book would escape it wholly. Dr. Casteel's introduction and concluding interpretation, however, are quite realistic in appraising the possibilities and limitations of such groups. While this book is in no sense a road map of the way to spiritual perfection, the seeker

—From "The Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).

"St. Paul," by Rembrandt.

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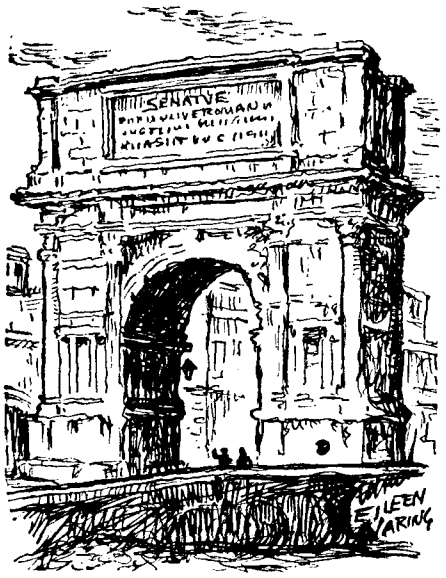

will find here significant suggestions both as to the way to go and the pitfalls by the road.

On another tack, Douglas Steere's **"Work and Contemplation"** (Harper, $2.50) deals with the perennially significant problem of the relation between work and worship. The plain fact is that most of us, most of the time, fail to see, or at least to give evidence of seeing, any very direct or meaningful connection between our work and our worship. Dr. Steere points out the ultimate inadequacy of the pendulum swing from work to worship to work again, and suggests as an ideal an interweaving of work-and-worship in a genuine synthesis of total spirtual living.

This, however, is not a stage to be reached painlessly by babes in the spirit but after much discipline by grown-up souls. Unless worship provide the frame of reference within which work finds meaning, then work tends to become meaningless, and with it the worker. Unless the vision of the ends of life be carried over into work, then the means are not recognized as means and become simply activities, mere motions without meaning in a world without value. And just this has happened, all too often, in this mad world of profits and power.

To catch the vision on the mountain, and with that in the soul to heal the sick boy in the valley—or to tend the great machines of modern industry which produce the material goods for living—this is to give living expression to being in the spirit. To see and do, and in the doing to body forth to the world that which is seen in the vision—this is the ideal to which we are called.

Many will not go with Dr. Steere all the way in his conception of the healing powers of contemplation. But if one have to choose between the portrait of man manifest in this book and that of the basically spiritless man of some recent movements in theology and philosophy or of the "organization men" who walk the ways of the world like disposable parts of the machines they operate and to which they are enslaved—then he would find significant meaning in his world, his fellows, and his own self will probably not find the decision difficult to make.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE TRAVAIL OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. *By Roland Bainton. Torchbooks.* $1.45. Biographical studies of strong-willed men, from Torquemada to Roger Williams, who were involved in a two-hundred-year struggle for religious freedom.

MOSES: THE REVELATION AND THE COVENANT. *By Martin Buber. Torchbooks.* $1.25. This historical re-creation of the Old Testament prophet, by a distinguished religious philosopher, interprets Biblical literature in terms of contemporary significance.

THE IDEA OF THE HOLY. *By Rudolf Otto. Translated by John W. Harvey. Galaxy.* $1.75. A study of religious thought, by a German theologian, searches for the essential relationship between its non-rational and rational factors.

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IV. THE BIBLE

The World's Most Famous Book Is Far from the World's Simplest. Beneath the Familiar Words Lie Millennia of Literary Deposit

To Enlighten or Edify

By SAMUEL SANDMEL, *Provost and Professor of Bible and Hellenistic Literature, Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion.*

SHOULD writers on Bible seek to inform the uninformed and enlighten the uninitiated? Or should they edify the persuaded and merely broaden the horizons of the initiated? How many different audiences are there for books on Bible and related subjects?

Though all of us who specialize in Bible are eager for it to be widely read, many of us would demur that the nature of Biblical literature is such that the Bible is literature to be studied and not merely read.

In theory there is no reason why a book on Bible and related literature should not be simultaneously "pious" and "historical." Nevertheless, the practice is widespread of classifying books as either the one or the other. These terms go beyond the mere descriptive, reflecting an appraisal which can border on condescension. This, because the recognition seems inescapable that the adjective "pious" has acquired in our time an occasionally unfavorable connotation, especially as "scholars" use it. "Pious" implies the absence of precision and the intrusive presence of complacency, anachronisms, and tendentiousness. The obverse side of the coin implies that since many an "historical" book is skeptical or even iconoclastic, it is thereby deliberately or unintentionally irreverent.

Such classification is usually much too facile. It can sometimes be justified on the basis of convenience, as a short cut by which to characterize a whole book in one phrase or sentence. Thereby a reviewer can quickly distinguish in extreme cases between a serious study of some Biblical topic, and a compilation of exhortations loosely derived from the Bible.

"The Hebrew Iliad," by William G. Pollard and Robert H. Pfeiffer (Harper, $2.50), seems to fit neatly as both scholarly and reverent. The text, a translation of large blocks of material from Judges, Samuel, and Kings, is the work of Pfeiffer, the distinguished Bible scholar; the introduction is by Pollard, an atomic scientist and Episcopal priest. The theory that these selections constituted an ancient Hebrew "epic" is dealt with judiciously in Pollard's introduction (no theory will satisfy all scholars!). The arrangement of the material adds its own vividness.

"Prophetic Faith in Isaiah," by Sheldon H. Blank (Harper, $3.75), similarly belongs in both classifications; moreover, the book reveals that sterling scholarship is no obstacle to beautiful writing. Another book which spans piety and scholarship is H. H. Rowley's important **"The Faith of Israel: Aspects of Old Testament Thought"** (Westminster, $3.50). Max H. Vogelstein's, **"Fertile Soil: A Political History of Israel Under the Divided Kingdom"** (American Press, $3), on the other hand, is purely historical.

G. Ernest Wright and Reginald H. Fuller give an introduction for the general reader to Old Testament, Apocrypha, and New Testament in **"The Book of the Acts of God: Christian Scholarship Interprets the Bible"** (Doubleday, $4.95). They interweave scholarship and piety quite gracefully, and achieve an astounding brevity. **"Abraham: His Heritage and Ours,"** by Dorothy B. Hill (Beacon, $3.95), is partly novelistic, partly a somewhat scholarly essay; it is illustrated.

Bruce C. Metzger's **"An Introduction to the Apocrypha"** (Oxford, $4) was written to coincide with the recent translation of the Apocrypha into modern English, a continuation of the Revised Standard Version. (A simple definition of Apocrypha is this: they are books found in the Greek Old Testament but not in the Hebrew. For some churches in our day, these writings are canonical; for others they are not.) Metzger's book is for the general reader.

Among works on New Testament is **"The First Christian: A Study of St. Paul and Christian Origins"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50), which the late A. Powell Davies, a Unitarian, completed shortly before his untimely death. For a Unitarian to write on Paul can well be piquant. To be linked with Davies's book only because it is similarly posthumous is William Benjamin Smith's **"The Birth of the Gospel: A Study of the Origin and Purport of the Primitive Allegory of the Jesus,"** edited by Addison Gulick (Philosophical Library, $6), was completed about 1927. Smith, a professor of mathematics, was in the 1900s one of the foremost representatives of the "Christ-Myth" school, along with the German Drews and the British Robertson. It must be forty years at least since the publication of any book in this vein.

From the pen of William Barclay have come three titles in The Daily Study Bible Series: **"The Gospel of Mark," "The Gospel of Luke,"** and **"The Acts of the Apostles"** (Westminster, $2.50 each); though these little books do not lack some historical scholarship, they are primarily works designed to edify. The translation from German of Bishop Hanns Lilje's book on Revelation, **"The Last Book of the Bible"** (Muhlenberg, $4.50), is a good blend of piety and straightforward scholarship.

Three new titles are to be added to the overlong list of books on the Dead Sea Scrolls. Charles F. Pfeiffer's **"The Dead Sea Scrolls"** (Baker Book House, $2.50) provides a succinct summary, indeed is almost no more than a useful list of data pertinent to the Scrolls. The absence of special theories enhances the reference value of the book to the general reader. In 1955 John M. Allegro achieved either fame or notoriety (depending on one's viewpoint) through some broadcasts over BBC on the Scrolls; his **"The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Origins of Christianity"** (Criterion Books, $4) is appearing at a time when sobriety may be beginning to replace frenzy about the Scrolls; the book is illustrated. Allegro makes contentions about the Scrolls and Christian origins; Duncan Howlett in **"The Essenes and Christianity"** (Harper, $3.50) is content to discuss aspects of the problem with considerable restraint.

A reprint of considerable significance is **"The Kingdom of God and the Son of Man: A Study in the History of Religion,"** by Rudolf Otto, translated from the revised German edition by Floyd V. Filson and Bertram Lee-

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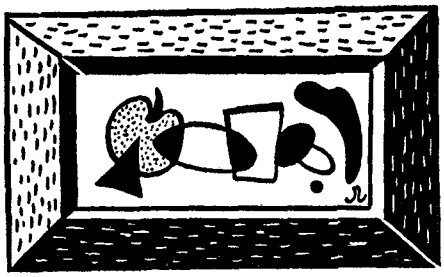

Wolf (Beacon, $6.50). It is scholarly rather than popular, and is becoming a "classic." The term "History of Religion" tries to approximate a German term (*Religionsgeschichtlich*) which an author usually uses when he wants to designate his work as one of objective, indeed of pure scholarship, rather than one of special pleading.

"Put Off Thy Shoes: A Journey Through Palestine," by Elizabeth Hamilton (Scribners, $3.50), is a personal account, written with charm.

Martin Buber's **"Pointing the Way,"** translated from the German and edited by Maurice Friedman (Harper, $4.50), scarcely belongs in this article, except that some of its random essays touch on the Bible; for example, "Prophecy, Apocalyptic, and the Historical House."

So much for books about the Bible. As for the Bible itself, **"The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature,"** edited and arranged by Ernest Sutherland Bates, has been reprinted in two volumes by the Folio Society of London (distributed by Philip C. Duschnes, New York, $12.50) with "old master drawings." I have seldom encountered a more beautiful set of books.

Yet for all the abundance and the variety and occasional excellence, I wonder if authors of these and similar books are meeting the needs or interests of large segments of the population. The reader whom the writer of the historical books seems to regard as informed would be, in my experience, part of a very small audience. The writer for edification seems to assume, hazardously in my opinion, that he already possesses the heart and mind of his reader, and can proceed from that advanced point. Many books on the Bible, accordingly, are written turgidly as if they were deliberately so designed. The authors often do not seem to try very hard to find some plane on which to communicate.

Perhaps the difficulty which I am trying to point to is that more people praise the Bible than read it, more read it than understand it, and more understand it than follow it. Hence, do the authors truly grasp the mentalities of the potential readers? Do they come to grips with what the challenge is? Is their achievement what it could be?

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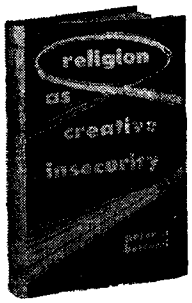

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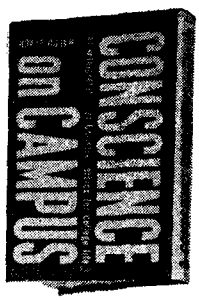

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V. SPECULATIVE RELIGION

Not Only Religions Are Concerned with Questions of Religion. Problems of Fate, Life, Health, and Brotherhood Are Also Important to Doubters and Governments

"Evolutionary Humanism"

***"Religion Without Revelation," by Julian Huxley** (Harper. 252 pp. $4), offers a unique analysis of religion in the light of modern science by one of the world's most distinguished biologists. Our reviewer, Paul Schilpp, is professor of philosophy at Northwestern University and editor of The Library of Living Philosophers.*

By Paul Arthur Schilpp

THE distinguished biologist Julian Huxley was so far ahead of his time thirty years ago that he still finds it possible to send out a revised edition of a book which first appeared in 1927—and to do so without any really essential changes. The book: "Religion Without Revelation," in which appears only one new chapter on "Science and God," and in which the only other chapter to contain much fresh material is the concluding one on "Evolutionary Humanism."

True to his title, Mr. Huxley not merely does not believe in any supernatural revelation, but he also finds no room for any personal God. But, these facts entitle no one to jump to the conclusion that the author does, therefore, discard or deny religion or the values of religion; or, for that matter, even the spiritual values inherent in the Judaeo-Christian traditions. Actually, he shows himself to be deeply concerned not merely with preserving but with enhancing and universalizing the profound values he finds in religion.

Concerning the so-called "conflict between science and religion" Huxley suggests that "the only possible solution . . . is for religion to admit the intellectual methods of science to be as valid in theology as everywhere else, while science admits the psychological basis of religion as an ultimate fact." Religion "must now ally itself wholeheartedly with science," because of: 1.) science's "enormous body of hard-won, tested, or organized knowledge," and 2.) science's "spirit of disinterested devotion to truth." However, he is equally insistent that "mental and spiritual forces . . do have operative effect, and are indeed of decisive importance in . . . working out human destiny"; even though these forces are "not supernatural, not outside of man but within him." Moral and spiritual values, he avers, are at least as important for further human progress as are scientific facts. But all religions are, of course, "the product of man's creative mind." Truth, therefore, so far from being revealed "once and for all," "has to be progressively discovered."

On the matter of religious organization Huxley writes:

> The problem is how to organize religion so that the church's creeds and ritual shall be comprehensive, while permitting freedom for the individual worshipper to make his own religious life intense and personal (and yet not bigoted or obscurantist).

He finds the essence of the uniquely religious attitude in sacredness, awe, reverence. This attitude, he acknowledges, is present in himself, and he considers it necessary for the further progress of mankind. Such a religion, he writes,

> should definitely be a relation of the personality as a whole to the rest of the universe, one in which reverence enters, and in which he search for the ultimate satisfactions of discovering and knowing truth, experiencing and expressing beauty, and ensuing the good in righteous action, all have the freest possible play.

It is doubtful that the very perplexing problem of determinism and indeterminism has ever been epitomized more sharply than here:

> Fate is the limiting force of heredity and environment; and freedom is human plasticity—the variety of possible development opening before a man endowed with a definite heredity.

He describes his position as "Evolutionary Humanism," in which man's mind is seen as "a partner with nature," participating "with the external world in the process of generating awareness and creating values." His faith, he declares, "is in the possibilities of man," despite his realization that "human nature always contains the possibilities of evil, waste, and frustration."

One could wish that Mr. Huxley had not permitted any absolutes at all to slip into his treatise. For, when he claims that "the only absolute that man can know is the absolute of general idea—truth, beauty, goodness, holiness, unity," it surely is dubious that reference to such general ideas can be called "knowledge" in any ordinary sense of the word. But this may be more a matter of semantics than of actual discrepancy in fundamental thought.

Religionists who still require the crutches of magic, mythology, and superstition will, obviously, denounce this book, and too many will do so without reading it. But, anyone sincerely concerned with the future of man on this planet, and interested more in moral and spiritual progress than in the fate of any particular religion or religious institution will find "Religion Without Revelation" exhilarating, bringing to bear, as it does, the best thinking of a distinguished scientist upon rational, moral, and spiritual values. The publishers' blurb on the jacket, saying that Huxley "goes beyond skepticism to affirm a faith which is intellectually credible, morally responsible, and emotionally satisfying," is, therefore, quite correct. The book's unfortunate title will result in its being read by those who are already inclined to agree, and to its being left unread by those who could profit most from its perusal, for, though the book certainly espouses religion without *supernatural* revelation, it far from advocates a religion completely without revelation.

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Christianity and the New Age

"Communism and Christianity," by Martin C. D'Arcy *(Devin-Adair. 242 pp. $4), and* ***"Theology Between Yesterday and Tomorrow," by Joseph L. Hromadka*** *(Westminster Press. 106 pp. $2.75), both deal with the unprecedented challenge Christianity faces from Communism, but reach diametrically different conclusions. William Clancy, who considers these studies, is editor of* Worldview, *a monthly journal of ethics.*

By William Clancy

HOW the Church should confront the world is a problem as old as the Church itself. Jesus (who, the Church confesses, is the Christ) warned His disciples that the world would hate and persecute them, and the world of imperial Rome justified His warning. But the Christian sect survived the Caesars, and upon the ruins of their power it fashioned a high civilization, the twilight of which has descended only today.

In this twilight Christianity again must ask the question: how should the Church confront the world? And it must ask it with an urgency the Church has not felt for almost 1500 years. Because, although the future is uncertain, some present things are clear. The old religious-humanist order is passing and a new technological-secularist order is emerging. Whatever was the role of Christianity in a civilization it helped to create, its role will be radically different in a civilization from whose birth it has been absent. For religion, the securities it knew for centuries are probably forever passed. The implications of this fact, both for religion and for society, are tremendous.

In recent books two theologians—one a Roman Catholic, the other an Evangelical Protestant—deal with these implications. Both men are distinguished. Both write with a profound knowledge of, and a passionate concern for, the tensions emerging between Christianity and a new age. Both realize the pathetic inadequacy of a comfortable "bourgeois" Christianity for resolving the tensions. Both deal, specifically, with the historically unprecedented challenge Christianity faces from Communism. And, on almost every point, the two men reach radically different conclusions. In these two books we see, perhaps, divisions that will torture the Christian mind as it grapples anew with the problem of the Church and the world.

Father D'Arcy's "Communism and Christianity" is in the great tradition of Catholic intellectualism. The distinguished English Jesuit is a humanist-philosopher as well as a theologian, and his book has virtues that one too seldom finds in religious writing on Marxism. There is no stridency here; D'Arcy recognizes, and brilliantly analyzes, Marxism for what it is: a pseudo "religion" which, for all its perversity, is rooted in a legitimate demand for justice and order. Communism is so dangerous precisely because, more than most systems, it approaches a vision of humanity that satisfies fundamental cravings of the human spirit. What is demonic in Communism is that it takes a partial truth and seeks to make it the whole.

TO THIS partial, perverted truth, D'Arcy opposes the total Christian vision, which, he insists, alone encompasses man. If the civilization to come is to be more than an ant-civilization, this vision must be vindicated within it. Like Leon Bloy, Martin D'Arcy would agree that "religion," historically, has often been religion's worst enemy. ("The Lord Jesus," Bloy acidly commented, "is very decorative in shop windows.") "Righteousness" has been made a mask for complacency and the "Christian" order was too often a guarantor of social inequity. Out of these things the secular utopianism of Marxism was born.

But, D'Arcy insists, between the eschatology of Christianity and the eschatology of Communism there stands an insurmountable wall. In the final analysis, the former means freedom, the latter slavery for man. To the false messianism of Marxism, or any other secularism which reduces man to a thing, Christianity must proclaim the true Messiah, the Christ. In whatever world it finds itself, this is the Church's mission to the end of days.

"What Christianity and Communism have to offer," D'Arcy concludes, "are then as different as heaven from earth, and it would appear that they must meet in a head-on collision; and yet they both are concerned with the welfare of man and can look as if they were brothers . . . [But] the two cannot live in the same world."

(One feels obliged to note that the general excellence of "Communism and Christianity" is marred by the curious "Preface to the American Edition" which it now carries. It is difficult to believe that the M. C. D'Arcy who signed this preface is the same Martin D'Arcy who wrote the book. The spirit of the preface—with its simple-minded view of Communism as a cloak-and-dagger conspiracy—violates practically everything the book's text so judiciously establishes. What sea-change, one wonders, could make this Oxford don sound, in his "American" preface, like a propagandist for the late Senator McCarthy?)

IF FATHER D'Arcy's book is in the tradition of Catholic intellectualism, Professor Hromadka's work is in the tradition of Protestant prophecy. D'Arcy analyzes, distinguishes; the Czech theologian proclaims. What he proclaims is that the old order of Western bourgeois civilization is already dead and stinking. The new order is upon us; the age of the proletarian revolution has come. And the Christian affirmation, if it is to be made at all, must be made in a language this age can understand: the Church, with whatever reservations, must come to terms with Marx. "What is needed," he writes, "is a . . . realization that—humanly speaking—the future of the Christian Church and theology depends on our courage to take the revolutionary changes in the east of Europe and in Asia as an opportunity to make a new beginning . . . [We must accept] the present moment both as divine judgment and as a time of grace."

Christianity, this theologian insists, implies no ideology, either of the West or of the East. It transcends—and is ultimately indifferent to—all ideologies. Its mission is to mediate the Word—who is the Christ—in whatever society it finds itself: "Christian theologians . . . have to look beyond present political systems and ideologies and resist any temptation to identify themselves with any one of them. Theology goes in its depth and breadth beyond any philosophy of our times, beyond 'Christian' idealism or dialectical materialism . . . From the perspective of theology . . . all human divisions, systems, social and political institutions, all philosophical thoughts, find themselves on the same level, on the side of the created world in its corruption and promise."

In Hromadka's view, then, the theology of yesterday was a theology too closely tied to that transient social

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order somewhat blasphemously called "Christendom." The theology of tomorrow—if theology is to have a tomorrow—must be one which incarnates itself in a new age, no matter how hostile that age may now seem to Christianity's ancient prejudices. Today? Theology today stands undecided, tortured over whether it should say no or yes to those things which are to be.

It is easy to criticize the political assumptions in Hromadka's book. His naïve acceptance of a Marxist historical determinism is shocking to find in a man whose mind is, in other respects, so critical. What is not easy to dismiss—what is finally deeply moving—is his affirmation of Christianity, of the Cross, as the reality which must not be absent from any order, even a Communist one. The fault lies not in this vision but in the absolutely uncritical manner of its application.

Christianity is not "tied" to any civilization; it is not, indeed, an "ideology." But the Word is not without meaning for the temporal affairs of men, and there are some things to which it must say no. It is the no established by D'Arcy, in terms both of religion and of man, that provides the necessary corrective to Hromadka's work.

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"The Gift of Hope"

"The Skeptical Approach to Religion," by Paul Elmer More *(Princeton University Press. 201 pp. $3.50), now reissued, weighs what is known about the objective universe against the "facts" of inner experience. Our reviewer, Whitney J. Oates, is chairman of Princeton University's Special Program in the Humanities.*

By Whitney J. Oates

THE rereading of this significant volume, again in print after many years, proved to be a refreshing and exciting experience. Refreshing, because it authenticated the belief that Mr. More at his best never engaged himself with matters of the moment, but always with the deepest of human issues. Exciting, because it is wonderful to come in direct contact again with the work of an unchallenged master of English prose style, the depth and integrity of whose religious position is expressed with rare lucidity. And exciting, too, for now Mr. More's learning and wisdom, in this excellent representative example, will come to the attention of a new generation of readers, who will be able to see his thought as it really is.

The volume contains the text of the Lowell Lectures delivered in 1933. Adopting the attitude of the skeptic, Professor More begins his argument by assessing the data available to the questing mind and heart—the "facts" concerning the objective universe and the "facts" of inner experience. Via his inner intuition, a man derives a sense of the validity of his own freedom, his own responsibility, and of purpose, which Mr. More argues must be taken more seriously than all the information which can be gathered about the world of nature. He develops his thesis by examining the theology of Socrates and Plato, the evolution of Hebraism, and the *telos* of Christianity in the dogma of the Incarnation. In one lecture he blisters the metaphysical positions of Spinoza and Kant as products of reason or rationalism run riot. In the final lecture, "The Gift of Hope," he deals with the notion that man is "intellectually impotent and morally responsible," which has run as a *leitmotif* through the entire volume. To the skeptic he says religion, and in particular Christianity, offers the gift of hope. In the spirit of Pascal's wager, Mr. More insists there is no middle ground. One must choose either the consequences for life of "necessitarianism" or accept religion's

gift of hope. Of those who say that religion is the product of wish-belief, Mr. More asks if it follows that "because we wish to believe in something, therefore the object of such belief cannot be a reality."

For him, religion is an adventure of the spirit, and so he can well conclude with the memorable words of Socrates in the "Phaedo," "Fair is the prize, and the hope great."

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Welcome the coming,
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To a Young Minister

Continued from page 25

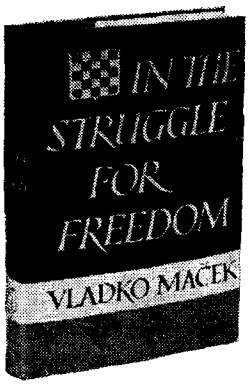
now that the pulpit is no place into which to carry a closed mind. There are great truths awaiting your discovery, and when you find them they will create a passion in your preaching, and your people will feel that somehow the man in the pulpit knows God and life and man.

Get in a true word between the ambitious politicians, the reactionary churchmen, and the false prophets who can kill the real spiritual development of a people, and whose preaching does little but give a push toward the ultimate ruin of a nation and a world. The preacher who allows his preaching to be colored by nationalism may find himself riding the wave of popularity, but he will never acquaint his people with the demands of the Kingdom of God. Dr. Bruce Catton, in his recent book on the Civil War, tells us that when the slavery issue became so acute in Kansas it was Henry Ward Beecher who said that "a Sharp's rifle out there would have more moral persuasion than the Bible." It was Beecher and Charles Sumner who helped sow the wind that eventually produced the whirlwind. Catton further observes that there was enough sowing of the wind down among the rabble without its being fanned from legislative halls and the pulpits of the land.

You, in your pulpits, have something other to do than to tickle the hates, the prejudices, and misunderstandings of your people. If, on the other hand, it is your desire to speak a sure word of prophecy to your congregation, you may make some people unhappy. You may find yourself standing alone, and sometimes tears will blot the pages of your manuscript, and you will wonder whether it pays to have honesty of heart and mind. It is not what people want, but what they need, of justice, mercy, and truth that ought to be the burden of your preaching. It is standing in your place ringing the changes on a God idea, rather than launching a campaign to your own personal advantage.

I have wondered too, all during my ministry, how many people sitting in pews of churches every Sunday morning are impatient with the preacher's interpretation of the Gospel, and how many longing hearts inside and outside the church wait in vain for a word that speaks to their innermost souls, lifts the mist from their eyes, and opens a way to which their whole being can respond. They may not be as articulate as was one of my daughters, who wrote me recently, but it is of like essence. She wrote: "If the church today is to have any influence on our time and place, it would better grasp its position of prophecy and leadership, and dismiss its superstitious practitioners, its witch doctors, its makers of terror—and face a tremulous new world. Let the veil of this old temple be rent again! Institutional Christianity has done little more than reconstruct the ancient temple with its ancient totems and taboos—but yet the Christian idea has gone abroad and worked its miracle upon men outside the temple."

If you are going to fulfil your prophecy and meet this modern mind you will need some equipment. You will need to study. The years are ahead of you, and if preaching is to remain a fascinating business for you it will be because your mind has been stimulated by study, and because out of the pages of books and experience some golden truth has held you. As a student in the Seminary, I heard much of one Sparhawk Jones. I never heard him preach, but his praises were being sung by all who heard



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him. About the time he was closing his career in Baltimore, Maryland, a young minister in his city set out to gain a reputation by parading sentimental news. People were filling his church, and one day on the street he was bragging of his success to Sparhawk Jones. Jones looked at him and said, "Yes, I have heard about you, and I hope your years will be crowned with success; but if you don't dig deeper into the well of spiritual resources, and stop getting your sermons out of newspaper advertisements, you will soon find your pump sucking mud."

I do not know how many young preachers can be rescued from such a fate except by their own willingness to discipline their minds and hearts. When I took a little parish of three churches fourteen miles from a railroad when I left the Seminary, someone said to me, "Why are you going to bury yourself in the country?" I did not know what my future would be, and it did not occur to me that anything or anyone except myself could perform my obsequies. I knew only that I had to learn to preach, and could not afford to become embroiled in a hundred activities which would leave no time except a few hours of a Saturday night to gather a few crumbs with which to feed a hungry flock the next day.

I had a desire, too, to have a liberal outlook on religion, and a liberal attitude toward people and things. I have no hesitancy in saying to you, young man, that it takes liberal thinking to deal adequately with individual problems, and with all the vexing problems of the social order. Only the liberal mind, whether in the pulpit or out of it, is fit to appraise why men and nations act as they do. For instance, don't make yourself ridiculous by falling back on the old dictum, "Well, there are some things we must take on faith," when you are asked about the discrepancies, myths, and legends of the Bible.

You ought to be conversant, too, with the march of everyday science. You ought to know the discoveries of the human mind. Obscurantism is a sin for the preacher. Even a little book on the nature of the green world and the starry heavens will at least open your mind to what is being discovered. Psychiatry and psychology, too, plus spiritual healing, cannot be neglected by the preacher in a day when the human mind and soul are being explored as never before. To know character and conduct is an essential equipment for the preacher. Social needs and experiments, what constitutes good government, clean civic conditions, proper housing, how environment affects the growth or stultifying of character—all this ought to captivate the interest of the preacher. Acquaint yourself with historic movements, biography, and poetry. Last but not least, let theology be your guide, but not your master. The last word on theology was not spoken by your professor in systematic theology. Theologies change, and they have made the divisions in the church wide and deep. But the love of God is eternal and his spirit unites, and only in Jesus is the Life and Light of Men.

Finally, if World Brotherhood and War and Peace are the two major problems of our day, they will become increasingly so during your ministry. If your preaching is to carry a note of prophecy, you can't spend all your time concentrating on personal purity and allowing the world to go as it will. During your Seminary days the probability is that your professors—most of them—said little to you about meeting the problems in the spirit of non-violence. Up to now our Western world has assumed the white man's superiority, and that war is a valid way to settle public disputes; that Western traditions, feelings and ideas were everlastingly valid, that science is omnipotent, and that the State is divinely instituted, and can do no wrong. But unless your thinking is turned in another direction you will not be serving your day and generation with any degree of wisdom and courage.

I won't argue with you about the fraudulency and futility of all past wars, or tell you that there was no wisdom on the part of our leaders in the American Revolution and the Civil War. We owe more than we can pay to the leaders who gave us the Constitutional documents of the eighteenth century, and to Lincoln for his Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Address. All I want to say is, that these men had far less reason to be skeptical of political power than we have today. Further, the instruments of violence and coercion were mere playthings in those days compared with the weapons of today.

You see the forces of evil in the world as clearly as I see them, and when you ask me how they are to be subdued, and justice and mercy established, I have to answer that I do not know; I have no answer beyond that employed by Jesus. The familiar means of coping with evil have gotten out of control—so far out of control that we no longer dare to use them while we remain in our right minds. This seems to me to be the commonsense interpretation of the past forty years of history and a reasonable explanation of the deep anxieties and confusion of present-day politics and international relations.

Regardless of how you view the person of Jesus, whether as the Second Person in the Trinity, or as a Man who hammered out his character on the anvil of his own experience, you can't get away from the fact that He saw the problems of history, and knew that the only way the world could be saved was through suffering. If He lived in an ivory tower, if his idea that man is capable of fellowship was only a pipedream, and that He was deluded in thinking that war is against God's will, you will nevertheless have to accept them and begin thinking in His terms if you want to do something more than lock Him up in a creed and a dogma.

DURING my life one man, Mahatma Gandhi, offered a creative contribution to the problem of taking a hand in history. He was the man of the hour for India, and he may be the man of the hour for the world. Long before him another man, who was called an atheist, Tom Paine, wrote: "An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot. It will succeed where diplomatic management would fail; neither the Rhine, the Channel, nor the ocean can avert its progress; it will march on the horizon of the world, and it will conquer."

I am not asking you to pose as a martyr, and to act as though you had the final answer to all the problems of the world. The last thing Jesus wanted was martyrdom. But a more deadly thing than martyrdom is conformity. I hope when you stand in the pulpit you will hear the political voices for what they are—a tinny, hurdy-gurdy sound. They belong to the adolescence of the modern Power State. It is not the realists who talk glibly of nuclear weapons, and how many more of them we must have. The people who talk that way are overgrown children who live in the past. The realists of our time must be you, not because you have all the answers, but because you are aware of yourself at times, and because, like Isaiah, you stand wondering at the Lord high and lifted up; and like Jesus, who listened to, and asked questions of the doctors and lawyers in the temple, but who had to go back to Nazareth and work out a religion that would meet the problems of history.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

All's Ferrer

THE TALENTS of Jose Ferrer are displayed on several fronts this week. He is to be seen as a harassed "organization man" in M-G-M's **"The High Cost of Loving,"** he plays Dreyfus in **"I Accuse,"** another movie rehash of the Dreyfus case; he has directed both these movies, and he has also directed a current Broadway musical success, "Oh, Captain!" Mr. Ferrer moves with great ease between the worlds of cinema and theatre. It was a film, "The Captain's Paradise," which suggested his musical—he also served as co-adapter and producer—and he was able to reverse the usual process, which has the stage piece being turned into movie. There's probably not much doubt that Mr. Ferrer will eventually be involved in a film version of the musical, and should he decide to play the clever captain who shuttles between wife and mistress he'd be able to handle the role every bit as well as Tony Randall. That's one of Mr. Ferrer's assets—and maybe one of his troubles: he can do just about everything.

"The High Cost of Loving" is almost a success, but not quite. Ferrer is just as good a comedian as a straight man, and he plays a youngish minor executive whose whole *raison d'etre* is about to collapse because he fails to get an invitation to a special company luncheon. His firm has recently been acquired as a new holding by a giant industrial octopus, and for all he knows the purchasing department, in which he is a well-oiled cog, is to be handled by new personnel. Mr. Ferrer makes the poor fellow squirm for more than half the picture, and in so doing seems well on the way to achieve that rare screen commodity, a social satire.

Unfortunately, he is let off the hook. Instead of keeping with the satire, Ferrer suddenly turns on his new superiors, tells them off (expecting to be fired anyway), and thus demonstrates to them that he has the very qualities of initiative and independent thinking they are seeking. So up the corporate ladder he goes, and down goes the point of the whole thing. At the end everybody is very chummy, all the organization men are happy, pleased with themselves, and Ferrer can go on paying for the household appliances and provide happily for the baby that is on the way, thus showing that the organization man's world is the best of all possible worlds. This may well be true, but it's not funny.

Nevertheless, Ferrer handles himself very well, and he has a delightful assist from a capable (and pretty) new actress, Gena Rowlands. The two of them have a very funny bit, as Ferrer shows the home life of an extremely well-adjusted married couple. They're able to rise in the morning, get baths, breakfast, read the paper, and head for work without a wasted moment—and without a word.

* * *

"I Accuse" was made in England, under the M-G-M banner, and for this sober study of the Dreyfus case a potent cast was assembled. Surrounding Mr. Ferrer are such top-flight actors as Emlyn Williams (Zola), Viveca Lindfors (Madame Dreyfus), Donald Wolfit, George Coulouris, and Anton Walbrook (Esterhazy). One might have thought this would turn out to be a lustrous movie indeed, but this is not so, even though the story is presented with honesty and care. There is not the slightest ducking of any issue, whether it be French anti-Semitism or the arrogance of the French Army Staff. Perhaps it is the lackluster script by Gore Vidal that prevents the movie from having real force; it certainly seems lacking in the passion and theatrics of Muni's and Schildkraut's "Zola," a less honest but more effective movie.

And it may be, this time, Mr. Ferrer's direction, capable but not exciting. However, he does once more show his intelligence and enormous ability as an actor. His Dreyfus is a fussily dignified man who has dedicated himself to France and its Army, not for personal fortune, but as an honorable career. Though Jewish, he is more French than the French. Emlyn Williams has himself a fine moment as Zola reading his famous statement; Anton Walbrook, Miss Lindfors, Donald Wolfit are all good. But competence is not what we expect from Jose Ferrer. There is no question that he has brilliance in him, and brilliance is what we ought to be getting from him all the time.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Public Theatre

JOE PAPP is a determined young man. Three years ago he decided he was going to produce a Shakespeare Festival in New York City and present it to the public free of charge. Who would pay for it? He didn't know. Foundations, the city, individual philanthropists? His reasoning was that just as the number of book-readers (and subsequently book-buyers) was constantly nourished by a Public Library, where the reading habit could be acquired free of charge, so could the number of theatregoers (and subsequently theatre ticket-buyers) be nourished by a Public Theatre.

The romance of this American dream, an idealistic wage-earner (Mr. Papp did and still does put in a full work-week for the Columbia Broadcasting System as a TV Production Stage Manager) who by sheer determination has beaten the odds and created a successful enterprise in the public interest, is formidable and heartwarming. Its strength is compounded by the fact that it has been a relatively unknown director, Stuart Vaughan, and an equally unknown group of actors whose productions—geared for unsophisticated audiences—have received a better reaction from the critics than have the more refined, lavish, and star-sprinkled stagings at Stratford, Connecticut.

A further stroke of good fortune for Mr. Papp's project was that it came along at a moment when New York City was facing a desperate need to make its parks safe for law-abiding persons. Because the New York Shakespeare Festival performances drew 2,100 persons into the park each evening, a whole section of Central Park was transformed from a threatening jungle into a tranquil gathering place for healthy entertainment. As one grateful playgoer wrote Mr. Papp, "You have made the park lovely again."

The city and the Park Department have as yet been cautious in extending support to the project. Gradually, as the productions began to receive overwhelming editorial and critical praise, the city has increased its cooperation. However, the Board of Estimate has turned down Mr. Papp's request for a $45,000-a-year subsidy, and Park Commissioner Robert Moses has tabled plans to build a permanent outdoor theatre in Central Park until he sees substantial evidence that the New York Shakespeare Festival has in hand operating funds for a minimum of five years.

Thus, Mr. Papp stands at the point of no return. It is obvious that he cannot go on indefinitely scrounging funds, producing, and putting in a full week's work at CBS. Therefore, he has announced a campaign to raise $1,000,000, the first $50,000 of which will pay for two productions this summer. The funds will be raised in several ways.

To begin with, Mr. Papp will ask business and philanthropic organizations in New York City to purchase plaques to be placed permanently on the backs of seats. The price: $500 each. The New York Convention and Visitors' Bureau, which features the Festival in its campaign to attract summer tourists, has a membership of more than 1,300 firms who benefit by the festival. Mr. Papp hopes that many of these will purchase seats.

Another source of revenue is the collection which has been taken up after each performance this winter. Based on these returns, the twelve-week summer season might expect collections to bring in nearly $10,000. An additional $6,000 may be raised at a benefit concert of Shakespeare music to be given at Carnegie Hall on April 13. Finally, a mail campaign asking a tax-deductible contribution of $5 from each of the 15,000 persons who have written in and received reserved seats for previous productions will be instituted.

THAT the New York Shakespeare Festival will continue this summer seems most likely. But the raising of $1,000,000 to insure a year-round operation and a permanent park theatre will be tougher. It can be done only if the foundations contribute a fair share of the load (as they have for the Shakespeare festivals in Canada and Connecticut), and if the New York businessmen fully comprehend the importance of having such a Public Theatre in their city. If they do, the city and the state may ultimately come to realize that the annual maintenance of a Public Theatre is as much their responsibility as a Public Library. —HENRY HEWES.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *readers wishing to contribute may mail their tax-deductible contributions to the New York Shakespeare Festival, c/o* The Saturday Review, *25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Banzai" for "Butterfly" -- Reiner from Chicago -- K's

GIACOMO PUCCINI never heard of Cornelius V. Starr, but thanks are owing to the latter's generosity (he is a New York insurance broker) for making the former's "Madame Butterfly" something it has not been at the Metropolitan in the memory of New Yorkers for a quarter-century: a feast for the eyes as well as the ears. Japanese artisans executed the designs of a Japanese scenic artist, Motohiro Nagasaka; and a Japanese stage director, Yoshio Aoyama, was brought from Tokyo to take the cast not only in hand, but also in feet. The result is as close to enchanting as any production of recent times.

Nagasaka's artistry embraced not only the ingeniously authentic scenery, but also the subtly blended costumes—Butterfly, at her entrance, was a sunburst of gold and yellow against the violet-hued kimonos of her companions—which contributed so much in atmosphere. To this inexpert eye, it seemed that Nagasaka had made an exquisite compromise between realism and fantasy, with enough of the former to suggest the surroundings of Nagasaki, enough of the latter to remind us that this, after all, is an Italian opera. He even managed to enlarge slightly the dimensions of Butterfly's house to suit the Metropolitan stage without unsuiting the "small people" within.

All of this would have been no more than pleasantly picturesque without Aoyama's devoted attention to movement and gesture. Any stylized technique that circumvents the gross actions that pass for acting on the operatic stage is, of course, welcome. When it becomes a means to a dramatic end, giving continuity of effect to Antonietta Stella's Butterfly, the Suzuki of Margaret Roggero, Alessio de Paolis's Goro, Ezio Flagello's Bonze, and George Cehanovsky's Yamadori, one can only exclaim "Banzai" and wish Nagasaka many more happy operatic ventures. Omission of the Sharpless (Mario Zanasi) and Pinkerton (Eugenio Fernandi) from the foregoing summary is an implied compliment to Aoyama for differentiating them, as Westerners, from the actions of the others.

Thanks to the clean lines and fine discipline achieved by Dimitri Mitropoulos as musical director, the sound of this "Butterfly" was rather more than the sum of its parts. Stella's absorption of Aoyama's direction should be worth thousands of dollars to her, for she will be playing this Butterfly the rest of her career. Much of it was faithfully done, and she used her strong, accurate, occasionally even well-shaded voice to better effect than in any previous effort here. However, she refused the hurdle of the top D flat at her entrance, she indulged in some grossly Italiante sobbing when it suited her whim, and she rarely developed the quality without which Butterfly is no more than an automaton—charm, magnetism, personality, call it what you will. With Japanese directors and a Greek conductor, a certain Spanish soprano would not have been out of place.

Fernandi made his debut Pinkerton a welcome one by the freshness and assurance of his vocal work, the uncommon inches (close on seventy-two) he owns, the lyric suavity plus powerful top which promises well for his future. Granted normal development, his few years of background could be but the prelude to the long career ahead of him. As an actor, he is a fine sailor; but time may prove otherwise. Zanasi did his thankless part well, utilizing his vocal output to advantage in projecting Sharpless's soaring lines against the orchestra. Compliments are in order to Miss Roggero for the best studied action of all, plus a sweet, clinging sound for Suzuki's music, especially in the "Cherry Blosson" duet.

Withal, the principal beneficiary of the fine feathers was the invincible bird that wore them. Like a phoenix risen from the ashes of too many casual "representations" (over a hundred since the last thoroughgoing renovation in 1924) Puccini's score took wings and soared from first to last. Admittedly, it is no eagle, only a butterfly—but to the extent it was relieved of burdensome conventionality, it was not merely reborn, but airborne.

THANKS to the enterprise of FM station WBAI in bringing the Thursday night concerts of the Chicago Symphony to this area metropolitan listeners had the rare privilege in late February of hearing Gustave Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" memorably performed under the exacting baton of Fritz Reiner. Without abandoning sentiment, Reiner freed the score of the sentimentality to which it may be subjected, drawing a graphic blueprint of the orchestral values meanwhile.

Interest was intensified by the participation of Christa Ludwig, Viennese mezzo, and Richard Lewis, English tenor, neither of them known here for their Mahler. Lewis was downright astonishing, for his Mozart singing at Glyndebourne had not prepared one for the strength and beauty of his tones in the difficult tessitura around A which Mahler imposed on his tenor, nor for the excellence of his German enunciation. Allowing for microphonic assistance, it was nevertheless arresting. Miss Ludwig at her best was equally distinguished—as in "Von der Schoenheit"—but also much more variable. In this section she utilized the naturally light, silvery texture of the voice, but when she tried to darken it for the weight required in "Der Einsame in Herbst" or some parts of "Der Abschied" it became throaty and dull. Such detail aside, the opportunity for this insight into what is happening in Chicago is a habit that New Yorkers might cultivate on the maid's (and the TV's) night out.

MUCH of the week's other music-making was in the hands of such Ks as Leonid Kogan, Rafael Kubelik, and Paul Kletzki. Kogan's first recital brought a house and stageful of listeners to Carnegie Hall for his playing of sonatas representative of several violinistic categories. Kogan honored his artistic aspirations by choosing the G major of Brahms—neither the most immediately appealing nor the most obvious of this master's three works—and confirmed his musicianly accomplishments by playing it to a crisply articulated turn, with lovely warmth of sound, sensitivity of phrasing, and aptness of ensemble-awareness with his fine partner, Andrei Mitnick.

The really rare properties of Kogan's mastery were summarized in his performance of the C major sonata (No. 3) of Bach, in which the focus of audience attention was reduced to the unaccompanied violin and the uncompromising score. In addition to the dexterity of fingers to strike the right notes almost infallibly, and the richness of mind to order the phrasing in a satisfying pattern, Kogan managed the double-stop slow movements and the intricate fuga with a roundness of sound rarely marred by a scratch or whistle. This was a tribute to the adhesive contact of bow and strings, the superbly resourceful management of force which enabled him to grab the string in a vise-like pressure anywhere in the bow's length. The audience interrupted for a

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well-deserved thunder of applause after the fuga. The F minor sonata of Prokofiev had its share of inspired virtuosity, also the shorter works of Saint-Saens and Sarasate.

The qualities of poise and authority Paul Kletzki had to offer as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall were apparent even before a note was heard, for he refused to begin until he had the quiet he wanted. The justification was clear in the opening measures of the Brahms Fourth Symphony, in which the opening string phrases fell on the ear as something already vibrating at a distance, just rising to an audible level. This auspicious beginning was not fulfilled by what followed, however, for Kletzki strikes one as a take-apart rather than a put-together conductor. This applies not only to the segmentation of a movement into blocks, but also to the unstranding of texture into threads of sound.

It must be said that he accomplished his purposes with a substantial degree of maestroship, leaving little either to chance or the unguided impulse of his players. Even when he permitted the orchestra to end the first movement of the Honegger Second Symphony—pianissimo—with no visual guidance, it was within a framework of mutual understanding clearly defined.

Basically, then, the conflict could be stated in terms of admirable technical means being applied to questionable expressive ends. For a conductor to discipline the splendid Philadelphia strings to a leaner, less resonant sound than they usually produce (for the purposes of Honegger) shows strong traits of leadership which should make him valuable to Dallas, where he becomes music director next fall. In the closing "La Mer," the sound was more surface spray than deep-lying swell, but it was unquestionably Kletzki's own conception, artfully conveyed.

Rafael Kubelik's second week with the New York Philharmonic found him with more congenial material than the first, for correspondingly higher artistic results. Drawing on the resources of the Danube "basin," he performed knowingly and with spirit in Haydn's E flat (No. 99) Symphony and Dvorak's B minor (No. 2), spaced by the Mozart "Sinfonia Concertante" lovingly performed by Joseph (violin) and Lillian (viola) Fuchs. His Haydn was gratifying (if hardly racy), his Dvorak earthy (and none too subtle). In the Mozart, the wayward waving that passes for Kubelik's best seemed to unsettle soloists and orchestra alike, suggesting that he is a better host than guest, as conductors go (and come).

—Irving Kolodin.

TV AND RADIO

Mr. Ernst Objects

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has received the following letter from Morris L. Ernst, distinguished lawyer and author:

> I read the comment by Gilbert Seldes in regard to Edward Murrow's "Person to Person" (*SR* Feb. 8) with considerable bewilderment. I doubt if the comment had the perspective which I would expect from Gilbert Seldes. I took the trouble to analyze the couples on "Person to Person" for 185 programs. Of the 370 people, 116 were not connected with the theatre or any of the arts, including many people who have little, if any, access to having their points of view discussed on television. Can Seldes really have meant it when he said: "The reduction of individuals to nobodies on 'Person to Person' is not inevitable. It is intentional"? Even if Edward Murrow intended to do so, could he make Sir Roger Makins, Senator Kennedy, George Humphrey, Archbishop Cushing, Judge Douglas, and scores of other distinguished people into nonentities? There may be justifiable criticism of the program—for example, I don't care about seeing people's homes and possessions—but I should think it would be difficult to make even those whom I do not include in the 116, such as Dali, Benny Goodman, Marian Anderson, and hundreds of others of the art world, into nonentities. Maybe the poorest way to improve television is to report in general terms without reviewing the facts.
>
> I would be less than frank if I did not let your readers discount my prejudices, which may arise because I was permitted, on this program, to utter my prejudices against censorship and to state my utopian dreams for our Republic, difficult for me to state to millions of people other than through Murrow and television. I did not feel reduced to a nobody.

I THINK it will be news to Mr. Murrow that "Person to Person" is a program on which "minority points of view can be expressed." In a long interview with Pete Martin (*Saturday Evening Post;* Jan. 18, 1958) Mr. Murrow referred only once to the expression of any opinion whatever, and he was disturbed by it. Miss Shelley Winters said that she hoped her daughter would grow up in a world "dedicated to the principles and philosophies of Franklin Delano Roosevelt." As this occurred during a Presidential campaign, Mr. Murrow quite properly said he would have to give equal time to someone. But he also told her that "what she said was a straight political plug, out of place on a program like mine."

Of course, I have not seen all of the programs, and in previous reports I have noted that one man, at least, defied the atmosphere and the machinery of "Person to Person": Krishna Menon. He stood immovable and displayed no souvenirs and at one point said to Murrow, "That is an improper question for you to ask me" (in view of his official status at the time), to which Mr. Murrow, defending a right he doesn't often exercise, replied, "Perhaps it is an improper question for you to answer." The rejection of searching questions is deliberate. Mr. Murrow is on record as a disbeliever in the Nielsen rating system, but when he had Mr. Nielsen on the program, "Ed didn't think his show was the place for that kind of talk." (This statement was made in Mr. Murrow's presence by one of his associates without protest.) Mr. Ernst must be one of the very few who ever uttered any ideas on the program.

My statement on "the reduction of individuals to nobodies" applies to the average "Person to Person" interview. It is based on a projection, a legitimate one I think, of a repeated experience. In the course of watching the program I have seen at least twenty people whom I have known, some well, some slightly. (Mr. Ernst would have made twenty-one, but I missed his appearance.) Every single one of them came off diminished in stature, every one of them not only talked of trivial things, but talked trivially. The first one I saw—the first on the air, I believe—presented the publisher Richard Simon. My meetings with him have been casual, but I have felt the presence of a powerful personality. But my chief recollection of the interview is:

> Murrow: Is this your dining room?
>
> Simon: Yes, this is where we have dinner.

Benny Goodman, whom Mr. Ernst mentions, is not only a significant and admirable figure in American music, he is a man of exceptional,

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though not aggressive, presence. He took his daughter, as I recall it, out in front of their house, and she picked up a pebble and threw it into the swimming pool.

The intent of "Person to Person" is to show us how interesting people are outside of their professional lives. I have nothing against this. But the mechanics of the program reduce nine-tenths of these people to showing us their houses and their trophies—not to mention photographs they've taken on trips abroad. It is my feeling that the average man and woman, people who haven't accomplished one-tenth as much as the least famous of Mr. Murrow's guests, are more interesting than that. I know dozens of people, ranging from the wife of a broker to the manager of a delicatessen, whom you cannot meet for three minutes without being aware of a high degree of individuality. But the average personality on this program is not individualized. The questions do not lead to their hearts or their minds or their selves. They lead to exhibiting goods and gadgets. The most rabid of anti-Americans has never accused us of a more acute obsession with *things* than this program exploits. I hold a higher opinion of the American people.

And I hold—as he knows—a higher opinion of Edward R. Murrow. I have called him "the conscience of the broadcasting industry." For a moment, the Pete Martin interview detoured into the other Murrow program, "See It Now," and Murrow said: "I think television is too timid. I think it ought to be a mirror held up to what's going on here and abroad. If the picture reflected in that mirror is one that gives people pride and gratification . . . all right. If . . . the picture . . . is one of bigotry, dishonesty, or violence done to the Bill of Rights, it's television's job to hold up that mirror just as steadily." The subject matter of "See It Now" is the reality of significant events and to it Murrow holds the mirror with an exceptionally steady hand. The subject matter of "Person to Person" is the reality of human beings and Murrow's mirror is so angled as to give pleasure of a low level only. The idea that great men and women are just plain folks is very comforting, but to demonstrate it by the methods of "Person to Person" is a vulgarization of the democratic ideal. —Gilbert Seldes.

Channel 10, Anyone?

JOHN T. DOERFER, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, is currently a key figure in the House subcommittee hearings probing Washington regulatory agencies. He is pictured recently in *Telefilm* (a trade magazine) holding a copy of the Barrow Report, the two-years-in-the-making study of TV network broadcasting practices. Mr. Doerfer doubles as chairman of this committee. Dean Roscoe Lindley Barrow, of New York University's Law School, is head of the special staff which prepared the report. The Dean and his associates are critical of the networks on ten trade and technical points. The report shows no direct concern with program content, and its recommendations for legislation aim at achieving a more competitive and less monopolistic situation in TV among networks, individual stations, and independents.

Commissioner Doerfer, when he first read the report, must have found the following sentence (dealing with "grass roots" vs. multiple and absentee ownership of TV stations) particularly interesting: "The image of an individual station-owner, devoting his efforts in television to serving a single community he has been licensed to serve, is a myth for most large cities, and hence for the majority of the listening public of the U.S."

The Commissioner may have been aware that he had not helped to make this myth a reality in the now-celebrated Miami Channel 10 case, which Dr. Bernard Schwartz, the ex-counsel for the House committee, exploded in the Washington hearings. Chairman Doerfer, along with three other FCC commissioners (including Richard A. Mack, who was charged by counsel Schwartz with accepting checks in return for his vote in this case), awarded the coveted VHF channel to Public Service Television, a 100 per cent owned subsidiary of National Airlines, Inc. The commissioners, in choosing the airline, chose not to follow the recommendation of their own FCC examiner, who, after two months of hearings, recommended that the application be granted to Colonel A. Katzentine, described in the press as a "Miami civic leader."

An examination of the FCC file on this case suggests that the hearing examiner made the correct recommendation in selecting Colonel Katzentine's application. He was listed as 100 per cent owner; and he promised a plant expenditure of $428,081 and a yearly operating figure of $144.000. National Airlines flashed much bigger money: $882,500 for plant and $750,000 yearly operating. The airline, however, hardly represents "grass roots" local ownership and control. Neither does the third applicant, L. B. Wilson, Inc., of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose top management executives hold 76 per cent of WCKY, in Cincinnati. Their application promised $778,797 for Channel 10's plant and $624,000 yearly operating. The fourth applicant, North Dade Video, Inc., was both heavily heeled and apparently local: plant $680,756; yearly operating $758,130. Stock ownership was split up in 10 per cent pieces among businessmen representing "wholesale auto parts, contractor, excavation contractor, steel, attorney, asphalt manufacturer, and real estate" (two others not listed).

PRESUMABLY Colonel Katzentine, the originally successful applicant before the Commissioners voted, has other "interests" in Miami besides civic leadership. Nevertheless, his very private enterprising role in this matter, plus his budgetary modesty, as opposed to out-of-town big money and in-town contractors, asphalt, steel, etc., seems to fit better the Commission's own desirable image of the individual station-owner. It's a little bit odd and somewhat alarming to go through the FCC file of outstanding TV construction permits and pending applications, observing how often applicants are listed as "also owning" one or more out-of-town stations. You'll also find legions of bankers, theatre owners, newspaper publishers, and refrigerator-agency operators among the applicants—even an occasional mayor, jeweler, and chief telephone operator.

You'll search long and in vain, however, to find a single teacher, professor, writer, philosopher, sociologist, physicist, or television critic. This category of citizen does not own or operate any of the instruments of our popular culture. It just writes (generally despairingly) about the mass media: "their status-conferral function, enforcement of social norms, and narcotizing dysfunction." In the cool, clinical semantics of Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld: "The forward-looking groups at the edges of the power structure do not ordinarily have the large financial means of the contented groups at the center." Meanwhile, back at FCC, there may be yet another reversal. Perhaps the Colonel will get into the television business yet. Not that it's likely to make much difference in the kind of TV programs Miami will get over Channel 10. But "a civic leader" *is* reassuring.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Acapulco in the Pink

THE thermometer was bumping against the eight-degree marker the other night when, after the customary airline delays which have come to seem as commonplace to me as the wax smile of an airline stewardess, we were, *enfin*, airborne and percolating happily in the direction of Mexico. It was my first flight aboard the Bristol Britannia, a turboprop aircraft which has been purchased by Aeronaves de Mexico, an airline occupying the principal interest of Miguel Aleman, who will be remembered as the former president of Mexico and the friend of William O'Dwyer, Conrad Hilton, and other stalwarts of the Republic.

In the employ of Sr. Aleman the Britannia is certainly an attractive airplane, with the tourist quarters up forward in the customary three-abreast fashion and the first-class passengers reclining in some splendor aft of the entrance, where this large, economy-sized bird has a tendency to fish-tail. Flying somewhere in the 24,000-foot stratosphere we were served a meal which I could only judge was fashioned to match, if not shade, the fare dispensed by Air France, which also dispatches a flying dining-room nonstop to Mexico. The Aeronaves caviar was no less voluptuous than, say, Walter Slezak, and it was followed by slices of pink salmon and capers, *pâté gélée*, a roast breast of guinea hen, and a fastidious selection of French wines. It was all more than a man being hurtled southwestward at 365 miles an hour, nearly five miles above the earth, really needed for sustenance.

The connecting flight to Acapulco had long since taken off for that promised land, only an hour from the Mexican capital, by the time our flying restaurant arrived. The inconvenience, not to mention the expense, of having to transfer to a hotel in Mexico, and then repeat the same process in reverse when going out to the airport again the next morning only heightened for me the absolute tourist necessity of running flights from the United States directly to Acapulco, a station sometimes also known as Nirvana-by-the-Sea.

By about two on the following afternoon I found myself at long, long last signing a pink slip at an establishment called Las Brisas, which by all odds is the most exciting resort of the year. Built by a mountainous Majorcan named Juan March, Las Brisas is a collection of seventy-odd bungalows almost any of which I would be pleased to call home. For one thing they are, every one, hung on the side of a mountain, wild until last year, rising from the 650-foot level to the 850-foot level, every one looking across to the immense panorama of Acapulco harbor. At night the hotels gleam with bands of neon, the fishing boats twinkle in the white of a glare intended to lure fish from the Mexican bottom. The daylight view reveals the isle of La Roqueta, the curving arm of Acapulco, and, for those who rise for breakfast, the sight of the sports fishing boats heading out to the endless carpet of the Pacific leaving only the glimmer of their subsiding wakes in the millpond sea.

Every one of the cottages is roofed with crushed white marble to fend off the heat. Every one has a marble bath. Thirty-six of them have private swimming pools, free-shaped and perhaps twelve feet long. Says March, "I happen to know several bankers my age, and they no longer have the figure to get into a bathing suit and swim in a public place. That is why I built private pools." Aside from this rather unique appurtenance, March has also equipped every room with an icebox, and equipped every icebox with an assortment of Mexican beer, bottled mineral water, and soft drinks. Above the refrigerator is a bar stocked with half bottles of Scotch, bourbon, gin, and rum. You pay for what you use at store prices. The store price for Coke is four cents, U.S.

Refreshed each day or two is a bowl of fruit—Mexican bananas, papaya, pink grapefruit, and oranges. Each morning with the sun a noiseless gnome leaves a Thermos pitcher of hot coffee and a basket of hot honey rolls on each terrace. I must say that with this offering and the fruit bowl in the frig, and the view just over the terrace barrier of ferns, I made no morning appearances in the dining salon during my entire week there.

To fetch customers up and down the hill March has provided a fleet of jeeps rentable at a flat four dollars a day. They are, I had better tell you, painted pink, shaded by a pink-and-white striped canopy, and equipped in the rear with an immensely useful (pink) strongbox in which to lock the family jewels while immersing oneself in the sea. In case you never drove a pink jeep across the Siegfried Line and would rather not learn this late in life, there is a motorized surrey with pink fringe on top that climbs the hills like a Sherpa and descends with equal alacrity to the mountain's bottom, where March has installed a sort of pink swimming hole that reminded me of nothing so much as a roseate Eden Roc. Apparently that is what March had in mind for, as he later explained to me, he considers Las Brisas to be an "indecent copy of Eden Roc, Del Monte Lodge, and Round Hill."

I am not sure I see a relationship with Round Hill (see *SR* Apr. 20, 1957) for that Jamaican beachside bagatelle is up to its diamond chokers in elegance and serves a daily buffet, prepared by a coterie of refugee chefs from the Georges V, that stretches halfway to Trinidad. March serves plain food—T-bone steaks at $1.25, apple pie, and virtually no Mexican dishes. He will not serve fish unless a fisherman delivers the catch alive to his dock. One hour in the hot eighty-three-degree sun will spoil it, and the customer's constitution.

Lunch at La Concha, the Brisas's beach, means club sandwiches and Brisaburgers served by white-gloved waiters. But the orders are taken by pink costumed hostesses (in pink straw bonnets) mainly because March feels that a comely pink-costumed lady is better to look at than a swarthy maître d'hotel. As for La Concha, which settles at the very bottom of the once wild mountain, it is, as construction now stands, a pair of half-circle, pink concrete arms, shaded with palms and dappled with pink couches. One swims within this lagoon, or outside it, where a (pink and white) float has been anchored in the turquoise sea. In the afternoon, when the tide comes in, indolent swimmers are fond of communing with the waters as they rush into the lagoon and then recede, carrying the floater back and forth with the least possible expenditure of effort.

ASIDE from La Concha, guests can of course join the rest of Acapulco at a rather wide assortment of swimming holes, notably Morning Beach, á standstrip divided into Caleta and Caletilla, which are two beaches exactly side by side. For reasons that escape me, the gringo crowd huddles on Caleta where they provide a bunched-up target for a relentless patrol of peddlers ("My name is Sammy, you like a planters ponch? coconut meelk? a deesh of clams? suntail oil? a straw mat? something to eat or dreenk?"); Caletilla, on the other hand, which is called by some the "Mexican beach," is devoid of crowds

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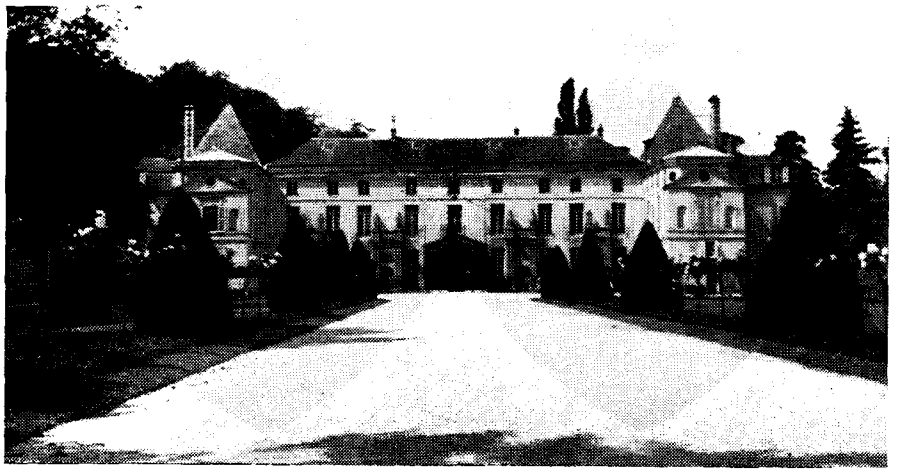
and, for that reason, practically barren of pushers. The adventurous can, for three pesos round trip, take a skiff out to La Roqueta, an island beach where the main attraction seems to be a beer-drinking burro. The beach is rocky in spots and one should take care.

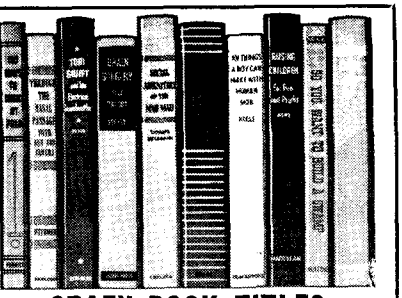
For the underwater ogler the depths contain all manner of attraction. You can get a fair idea of just what is in the sea around you by shopping the wares of the sea-shell sellers, who display their offerings on an aqua-plane which they paddle, standing aft like Venetian gondoliers, from beach to beach. There is also Hornos, the afternoon beach, which I found considerably more developed in the two seasons since I was last here. I would also recommend you to the Club de Playa Cocotal, a beach club you can join for five pesos (or forty cents), festooned with hammocks stretched under thatch, and bamboo chairs spread over grassy flagstone for lunch.

In the same vicinity there is the beginning of a cement canyon, with hotels rising Miami Beach fashion—the new Spanish-owned Elcano, already open; the Presidente, practically finished; and the sad shell of the Hilton, which has been lying idle all these years and now suffers the further indignity of being hung with a huge presidential voting poster. Doubles at the Elcano are running from $28 to $33.60 a day for two with meals. At the new sold-out Pierre Marques, far down on Revolcadero Beach, the winter assessment is anywhere from $17 for a single room with private terrace to $45 for a deluxe bungalow for two. That is without food. There are, of course, less expensive places, such as the Motel Monaco, a minute from the sand, which has thirty-six rooms all with private terrace, bath, and phone at $9.60 a day for the room.

Las Brisas, which charges from $20 to $32 a day for its cottages, plus an $8 dollar membership fee for two in lieu of tipping, will cut its prices after April to $12 to $24 a day. At present it is not being offered through travel agencies, a fact which will not, I suspect, engender their goodwill. However, many of March's ideas are a violent departure from hotelkeeping, especially in Mexico. "I built this place to stop the filth, to stop those Coca-Colas at twelve pesos. I offer simple food, and I will not try to push tourists into Continental food which for reasons of price cannot be good. This place is for the middle-aged middle-Westerner. They have the worst climate, the most money, and the best access to Mexico. But just because I have you on the top of a mountain and you are thirsty in the middle of the night is no reason for me to overcharge you. It is a matter of decency." It is that kind of talk which can get an innkeeper drummed out of the international union of hoteliers. —HORACE SUTTON.



LITERARY LANDMARK: After Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra, and perhaps the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, no starcrossed lovers have commanded more attention than Napoleon and Josephine. The house which the Little Corsican and the charmer from Martinique shared is Malmaison, the small chateau some twenty-five miles from Paris which Josephine bought in 1799 while the First Consul was campaigning in Egypt. Malmaison's history is almost as sad as its name, and some of the melancholy of the setting in which Josephine loved and lost Napoleon still seems to pervade the premises. After Waterloo, and only a little more than a year after Josephine's death, Napoleon came back to Malmaison for a last five-day stay. Then he said farewell to his brother Joseph and to Josephine's daughter Hortense in the handsome library and went off with an English general to final exile on St. Helena. —NELSON LANSDALE.



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Birth of a Classic

Continued from page 12

Leish has found the line that teaches the American language how to go greatly on stage.

But such technical achievement is nothing unless it leads to human consequence. What is forever consequential is not only that "J. B." is a great dramatization of the human position, but that the poetry and the drama are organically one. The poetry is not an enrichment of the prose sense: it is itself the way of knowing. Which is to say that great themes can be truly engaged only by great art. MacLeish's triumph is that he has been equal to his great theme.

Job's descent through his sufferings acquires an enormous momentum. Carried along with it, our fear seems to be that Job's suffering is indeed a descent, meaningless and irreparable: his children gone one by one in a series of indecent deaths, his prosperity gone in what would have been an anticlimax had not the Waste of Power blasted a whole city to rubble in order to destroy Job's substance, his health gone in one nauseating affliction after another, even his wife's love gone in the end. All gone. All down.

Except that Job emerges triumphant. Not Job-the-servant, but Job the world-offended and God-offended man. Job cries for Justice in his misery and God answers, the Biblical phrases ringing hugely:

> Where wast thou
> When I laid the foundations of the earth . . .
>
> Hast Thou an arm like God? Or canst thou
> Thunder with a voice like Him?

And so on. But Job already knew that God was big. He had asked for Justice and he had been answered with Size. And Job triumphs in understanding at last that he needs no forgiveness. Instead he bows his head in its insignificance *and forgives God.* His triumph is that he need feel guilty no longer: what is monstrous is not of his doing and can therefore be borne. He does not think again of his own great line, "God is unthinkable if we are innocent," but it is there to be thought, and its implications are clear. The final position is humanism, and humanism is man-centered.

And Job the humanist triumphs once again by reclaiming himself from his losses in the name of human love. So at the end when Sarah, his wife, returns:

> Sarah: You wanted justice and there was none—Only love.
>
> J. B.: He does not love. He Is.
>
> Sarah: But we do. That's the wonder
>
> J. B.: Yet you left me.
>
> Sarah: Yes, I left you. I thought there was a way away . . .

But in the Universe of the humanist all ways lead us either to one another or to the void. What Job learns from the accident-strewn orbits is that we are one another's only hope. And, by implication, that we are somehow hope enough for one another if we can learn our loves to live to.

Massive as these themes are, the basic action of Job is the simplest sort of dramatic sequence. The man of all blessings becomes the man of all sufferings: only that. The sequence is as clear as an alphabet and the end foreknown. Only by placing that simple sequence within the framework of great concept can the Job theme rise to greatness. As a local drama of events Job is nothing: its stage must be no less than the spaces of the Universe held in the arch of Man's mind.

What gives unique dimension and penetration to MacLeish's treatment of the theme is his handling of the two commentators who bring the drama to pass. It is they who most immediately summon the Universe and the Human Position into the drama. For his Universe MacLeish returns to the image of the Big Top, which he made so memorable in his early lyric "The End of the World." His commentators are two broken-down actors, now reduced to selling popcorn and balloons at the Circus. They are named Mr. Zuss and Nickles, and they obviously represent a kind of human-size Zeus and Old Nick principle, two views of Good and Evil. They enter and identify the scene with great economy. They are looking at a raised platform on which some sort of sideshow is acted as part of the Circus program. The platform is now deserted but still strewn with the props of the play, above all with a God-mask and a Satan-mask:

> Mr. Zuss: This is it.
>
> Nickles: This is what?
>
> Mr. Zuss: Where they play the play, Horatio!
>
> Nickles: Bare stage?
>
> Mr. Zuss: Not in the least. Heaven and earth. The platform's Heaven.
>
> *They step onto the stage together.*
>
> Nickles: Looks like Heaven!
>
> Mr. Zuss: As you remember it?
>
> Nickles: Somebody's got to. You weren't there. They never sold balloons in Heaven—Not in my time.

Zuss and Nickles, we soon discover, are multiple commentators. When they view the actions of Job (on the lower stage) they discuss them primarily as human beings. When they take part in the action, they are carried away as artists. When they comment on the performance—both their own and that of the other players—they are critics of dramatic values. When, moreover, they find the masks of God and Satan, they cannot resist putting them on (the act of the imagination), and at once they find themselves looking through the inhuman eyes of Ultimate Good and Evil. Nickles, appalled at first, struggles painfully out of his mask and stares at it. "Those eyes see," he declares. It is primarily through the subtly multiple means of perception that Zuss and Nickles bring to bear upon the events of the drama that the events soar to such consequence.

"J. B.," it must be added, is strong stuff. Too strong, one knows, for Broadway success this season or next. And yet Broadway will come to it in time, because it must, because great imagination and great talent cannot be denied forever. Meanwhile, Yale is preparing it for production, and certainly the summer theatres and the college groups throughout the country will have found a new star feature forever. For "J. B." adds a dimension to the accomplishment of American literature. We now have a great American poetic drama.

—From "The Bible" (Philip C. Duschnes).

Blake's "The Head of Job."

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An erythritic.	96 62 149 158 93 9 185
B. Disinclined.	129 80 106 151 173 139 160 3 33
C. Agricultural machine of swivel type, for breaking up and preparing the soil (2 wds. and comp.).	135 198 140 15 101 193 175 54 25 163
D. Severe thunderstorm of West Indies, with strong land winds.	134 162 83 183 67 50 52
E. Instrument for measuring electric current.	167 102 44 55 81 159 176
F. Instrument for making visible the paths and curves of vibrations from musical notes.	195 65 150 179 2 119 29 58 73 181 7 42
G. Head toward the ground (said of a plane in flight; 2 wds.).	13 86 63 153 46 89 146 164
H. Followed by Word K, the strategy of entering enemy country.	191 76 51 6 70 19 155 17
I. Paracelsus's spirit representing his element Earth.	66 196 116 131 74
J. Famous cape in North Carolina.	41 95 28 157 11 168 147 88
K. See Word H.	64 123 133 171 68 4 104
L. Yard-long (comp.).	40 22 161 103 109 90 145 53 180
M. Most vehement; most active; most excited.	94 14 72 21 5 84 61
N. Said of permanent colors (comp.).	169 113 47 148 38 184 18 192
O. Painful, often fatal, disease, infection introduced through wounds which often keeps the jaw closed tightly.	91 49 130 112 69 132 138
P. In architecture, circular ornamental member, usually featuring richly sculptured rosette.	187 12 120 39 24 105
Q. Botany's former name for a cotyledon (2 wds.).	182 189 34 10 122 45 30
R. When or as one wishes (2 wds.).	35 144 165 194 126 190
S. Organism living in close association with a dissimilar one, neither necessarily parasitic.	154 143 31 128 125 177 20 57
T. Paracelsus's spirit of his element Water.	26 8 37 172 178 186
U. Lacking cadence.	43 111 32 121 48 115 142 79 99 1
V. Impregnate with poison.	114 56 152 97 110 60 87
W. Perceive, often through special powers of perspicacity.	124 16 85 166 77 71
X. Elliptical.	197 117 75 174 100 156 107 27 98
Y. City sought by the man in the moon, when he "came down too soon," in the nursery rhyme.	36 136 59 141 78 82 92
Z. Thomas Hardy's word for good to look at.	118 127 23 170 137 108 188

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 U	2 F	3 B	4 K	5 M		6 H	7 F	8 T	9 A		10 Q			
11 J	12 P	13 G	14 M	15 C	16 W	17 H	18 N		19 H	20 S		21 M	22 L	23 Z		24 P	25 C			
26 T	27 X	28 J		29 F	30 Q		31 S	32 U		33 B	34 Q	35 R	36 Y	37 T	38 N	39 P	40 L			
41 J	42 F	43 U		44 E	45 Q	46 G	47 N		48 U	49 O	50 D		51 H	52 D	53 L	54 C	55 E			
56 V	57 S		58 F	59 Y	60 V	61 M	62 A	63 G	64 K		65 F	66 I	67 D	68 K	69 O	70 H	71 W			
	72 M	73 F	74 I		75 X	76 H	77 W	78 Y	79 U	80 B	81 E		82 Y	83 D	84 M	85 W	86 G			
87 V	88 J		89 G	90 L		91 O	92 Y	93 A		94 M	95 J	96 A	97 V	98 X		99 U	100 X			
101 C	102 E	103 L	104 K	105 P		106 B	107 X	108 Z	109 L	110 V		111 U	112 O	113 N	114 V		115 U			
116 I	117 X	118 Z	119 F		120 P	121 U	122 Q	123 K	124 W	125 S	126 R	127 Z		128 S	129 B	130 O				
131 I	132 O	133 K	134 D		135 C	136 Y	137 Z		138 O	139 B	140 C	141 Y	142 U	143 S		144 R	145 L			
146 G	147 J	148 N	149 A		150 F	151 B	152 V	153 G	154 S		155 H	156 X		157 J	158 A	159 E	160 B			
161 L		162 D	163 C	164 G		165 R	166 W		167 E	168 J	169 N		170 Z	171 K	172 T	173 B	174 X			
	175 C	176 E	177 S	178 T	179 F		180 L	181 F		182 Q	183 D	184 N	185 A	186 T		187 P	188 Z			
189 Q	190 R	191 H	192 N	193 C		194 R		195 F	196 I	197 X	198 C									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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